

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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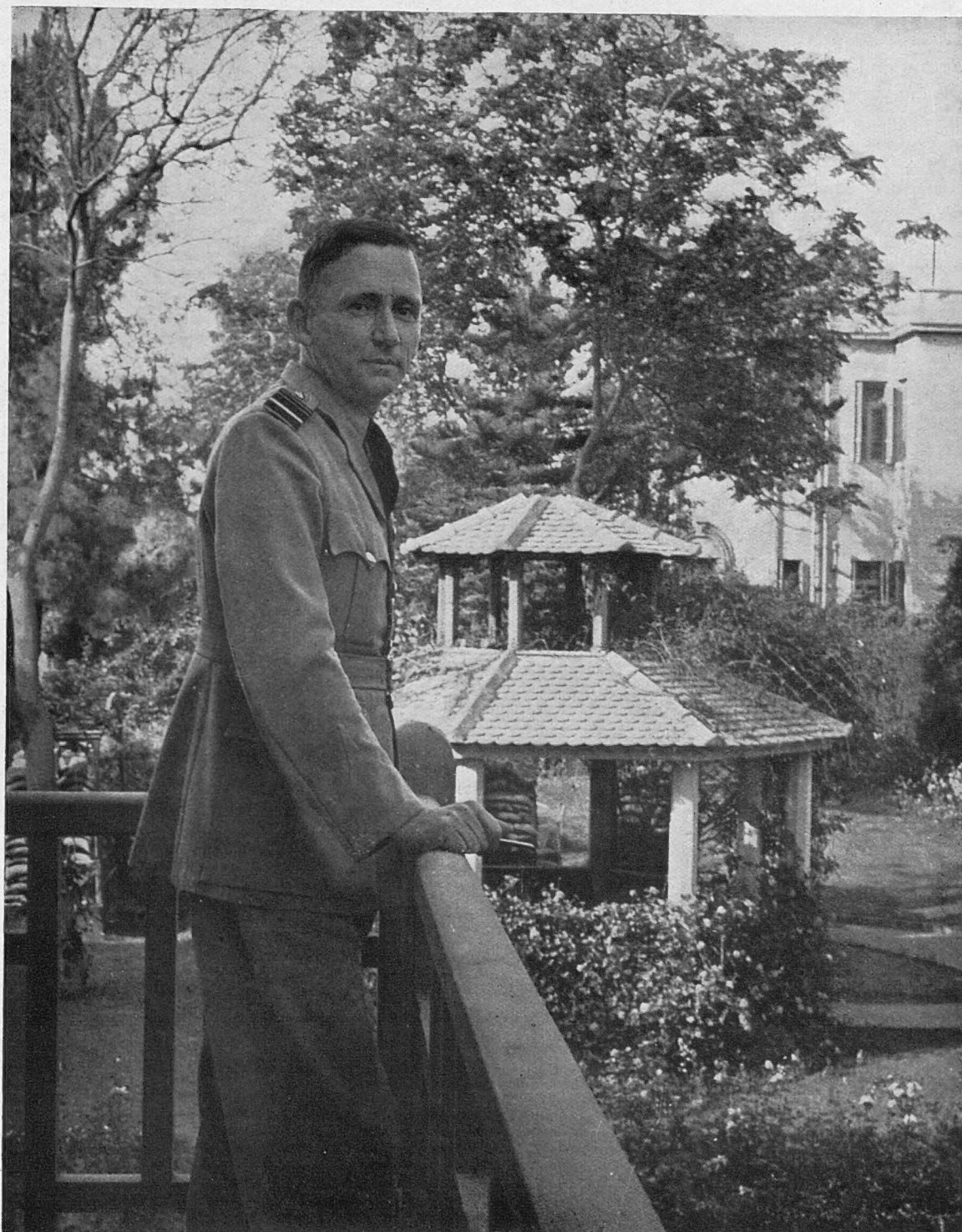
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Cecil Beaton

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, K.C.B.

Amongst the recent changes of appointment resulting from conversations between President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, that of Air Chief Marshal Tedder as Deputy Supreme Commander-in-Chief under General Eisenhower is one of the most interesting, and he is the first British airman to hold such an important military post. Air Chief Marshal Tedder has been in the R.A.F. since 1919, having previously served during the last war in the Dorsetshire Regiment and as a pilot in the R.F.C. In 1940 he went to Egypt as Deputy to the A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, succeeding his chief, Sir Arthur Longmore, to the Middle East Command a year later, and was responsible for building up the R.A.F. squadrons which gave the Eighth Army such excellent support in their desert campaigns. A specialist in strategy and a firm believer in the use of air power to support land forces, since becoming Air Commander in the Mediterranean in February, 1943, he has worked with Gen. Eisenhower to combine British and American strategy and tactics to the best advantage of the three services



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Spectacular

GENERAL VATUTIN's soldiers have driven the Germans out of their country, and have followed them across the 1939 Russian-Polish frontier. This is a mighty fact. Let us consider it first, before examining the consequences of what is one of the most spectacular developments of the war. When the Germans struck at Russia, few military experts in the world imagined that the Russians would be able to withstand the onslaught. The German hordes were trained in all the mechanics of war, to which they added all the fanaticism of Nazism.

Some of the experts estimated Russia's staying power as not more than a matter of weeks; others were more cautious and forecast the end in a few months. This invasion was going to be a cake-walk for Hitler's panzers. Here we have a flash-back to 1812. Napoleon thought, as Hitler thought in 1939. Napoleon was going to teach the Russians the military art, and when they had learned his power they would sue for peace. So was Hitler. But both have had to beat a retreat.

Similarity

HITLER never reached the Russian capital, although the Russians used similar tactics against him as they did against Napoleon. They retreated into the depth of their vast territory, dragged him after them, and harried him all the time. But there the similarity ends. Napoleon was compelled to leave Moscow because his position had become untenable. He was not able to force the general engagement he desired, by which he had hoped to annihilate the Russian armies.

In his retreat his armies suffered from drooping morale, as much as from cold and snow. But their main problem, which led to disintegration of discipline, was the breakdown of Napoleon's supply organisation. The Russians in this war have proved how they can organise supplies and muster morale. They are following Hitler over the Polish frontier with the support of an army stronger in manpower and better organised in morale and mechanics than it was when Hitler first struck. As compared with 1812, when the Russians followed Napoleon out of their country, the Russians of today have fought Hitler back and back, weapon for weapon, in summer and winter. It is not only a victory for Russian strategy (for which Stalin has proved himself a genius) but for the valour of Russian soldiers.

Demoralisation

HITLER has failed to smash the Russian armies as Napoleon failed; and the blows Hitler has suffered may prove more mortal than they were to Napoleon. Hitler is now suffering not only the severity of a Russian winter, but the undiminished power of the Russian punch. This is something that Napoleon never felt as he crossed the Russian border into Poland. Napoleon was able to return to Paris and to organise new armies to fight again. Can Hitler look ahead that far?

At the moment it seems that the Germans have decided on a general withdrawal in the hope that the spring thaw will give them an opportunity to recover and reorganise. How far they will retreat and eventually in what order is also conjectural. The Germans are

Converging

HITLER has now to reckon on the promised attacks of the Allies from south and west, while the Russians are massed in the east. He must take account of these threats when counting his reserves. It is conceivable that such a situation as now appears to be presenting itself was foreseen at the Teheran Conference, and that the plans now in course of preparation were discussed there on the basis of Marshal Stalin's idea.

I don't believe that the break-through on the Ukrainian front, after Hitler's failure to recapture Kiev, was any chance affair, or that



Mr. Casey Arrives in Britain

Mr. R. G. Casey, the recently appointed Governor of Bengal, came to this country for a short visit before leaving for India with his wife and family. He was previously Minister of State in the Middle East



Some of the Men Who Sank the Scharnhorst

On December 26 one of Germany's few great warships, the 26,000-ton Scharnhorst, was sunk by units of the Home Fleet, while attempting to intercept a Russia-bound convoy. Above is Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. the Home Fleet, with officers of ships which took part in the action. Amongst those in the picture are Capt. the Hon. Guy Russell (H.M.S. Duke of York), Cdr. J. Lee-Barber (H.M.S. Opportune), Cdr. R. L. Fisher (H.M.S. Musketeer), Cdr. M. D. C. Meyrick (H.M.S. Savage), Capt. J. Hughes Hallett (H.M.S. Jamaica), with some other officers, photographed under the blistered guns of H.M.S. Duke of York

the Russians are advancing faster or farther than Marshal Stalin may have foreseen. It seems to me that it is all going according to plan, and that we shall see unfolding events in justification of the infectious confidence which Marshal Stalin displayed at Teheran, and Moscow has reflected ever since.

Saturation

WHAT will the Germans do? They are a warring race and we must expect their soldiers to fight to the last, and we should not be unduly impressed by prisoners' tales. Nothing is being hidden from the German people. Indeed, it seems that the purpose of Hitler's propagandists is to saturate the German people in gloom until nothing hurts them, not even the threatened invasion of their country.

Here we have an experiment in psychology which, it must be admitted, may be well suited to the German people. But it is not without its risks, even with Germans. To keep telling people that there is little hope unless they continue to make greater efforts may eventually lead to the last crack. Yet we have



A Round the Clock Handshake

The U.S. Army Eighth Air Force Exhibition, with a display of equipment and aerial photographs illustrating the American air assault on Germany's war centres, was opened by Major-Gen. William E. Kepner, Commanding General of the Eighth Air Force Fighter Command. Shaking hands with him is Air Vice-Marshal R. H. M. S. Saunders, R.A.F.

Himmler, and not Hitler, giving the German people a dose of Frederick the Great. In his New Year's message Himmler went back to the Seven Years' War and declared, as Frederick asserted, "We shall keep on scrapping until our accursed enemies deign to make peace." Himmler, of all people! Not so long ago Himmler was reported to be the one Nazi who was trying to make peace with the Russians. Frederick the Great played Himmler's game much better, and eventually succeeded in dividing his enemies and winning the peace. As I have said before, however, there were no bombs in those days. True, Berlin was captured. But now it is being razed to the ground.

Precautions

THE bombing of Berlin is to continue relentlessly, and it is forecast that in the period

of some few weeks it will be but a capital in name. This demonstrates as nothing else that the weight of metal is on the side of the Allies. As far as I can see, Germany's will to continue the struggle depends on a few men, as many as one can count on one's fingers. If one or more of these few men break, or are broken by the strain or some other development, then the end must come rapidly.

Every precaution has been taken by the Nazis to prevent the people of Germany cracking, or their being able to create any kind of fissure in the Fatherland. Everything depends therefore on Hitler's strength of will first of all, then on Goering's, and after him on Ribbentrop's. As we have seen, Himmler wanted to make peace with the Russians early last year. His overtures were rejected and he may have realised that his best hope is in continuing the desperate battle. But if German

cities are smashed one after another, and all means of production and transportation ruined, of what help can be the most rigid party discipline? It becomes nothing more than a national folly, and at some point some German of strong convictions will realise this. When this point is reached, somebody at the top, or near the top, will have to act, or will somehow fail to act, and the edifice of Nazidom will crash as Hitler's Chancellery has crumbled under British bombs.

Honours

THE New Year's honours list issued on behalf of the King has given Mr. Churchill no problems. The only by-election which results is caused by the elevation of Mr. C. G. Ammon to the peerage. Mr. Ammon has been the Labour Member for Camberwell for a long time, and his party is assured of retaining the seat. The peerage granted to Colonel John Gretton has been well deserved. He has sat in the House for nearly forty-five years as a Conservative back-bencher. If it were not for the interruptions caused by three elections, Colonel Gretton's membership would be one of the longest on record. He resigned his seat some time ago. It was the Burton division which he had represented since 1918.

More knighthoods for Members of the House of Commons were included than we have seen for a long time, and the awards of four Privy Councillorships to junior members of the Government were also a striking feature. One of the most interesting awards was that of the Companion of Honour to Mr. R. S. Hudson, the dynamic Minister of Agriculture, who, after a successful tenure of office, is now involved in dispute with the farmers.

Footnote

IN 1939 two Germans from the provinces visited Berlin. They wandered round rather aimlessly until they came to Hitler's vast new Chancellery which had not long been completed. They stood in front of the building respectfully awe-stricken. Suddenly one said to the other: "Isn't it wonderful. What would the Fuehrer have built if Germany hadn't been bankrupt?"



To Command the Allied Invasion Fleets

Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, R.N., newly appointed Allied Naval C-in-C. under Gen. Eisenhower, is seen here with his personal assistant, Lieut. E. J. Roney, R.N.V.R. Admiral Ramsay, who retired in 1938, was recalled on the outbreak of war, received a knighthood for his planning of the Dunkirk evacuation, and was in charge of landing operations in North Africa



Officers of H.M.S. Submarine Trident

Lieut. C. D. Smith, R.A.N.V.R. (Navigator), Lieut. (E) J. P. Kirkby, R.N. Lieut. Peter Edward Newstead, R.N. (Commanding Officer), Lieut. Anthony James Sumption, R.N.V.R. (First Lieut.), and Sub.-Lieut. J. A. Marshall, R.N.V.R. (Torpedo Officer) were photographed on their return to port after a successful patrol in the Mediterranean

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Hint to Hollywood

By James Agate

I AM going to ask readers to consider with me the account of *Guadalcanal Diary* (Tivoli) as given in the synopsis handed to the critics at the Press-show:—

Here is the first great human picture of the war, the story of the U.S. Marines, in defiance of desperate odds, wisecracking to the crack of snipers and joking about their loves amidst the terrors of jungle warfare. It is a moving epic of victory told about ordinary men, "just guys," that the world will remember.

In outline *Guadalcanal Diary* is the saga of the campaign against the Japs' stronghold at Guadalcanal and Tulagi that marked the first land offensive in the war against the Japs. It is the story of the men behind the guns, heroes all—all "great guys." Here we meet the large-hearted padre Father Donnelly, all-American and all hero, who never misses a man's fight nor questions a man's creed; "Hook" Malone, the

the war. Now note the statement that this picture "is the story of the men behind the guns, heroes all—all 'great guys.'" I find it significant that the principal figure in the film is not enumerated among the characters in the synopsis. This is one Private Johnny Anderson, a raw, timid youth, who is a boy at the beginning of the film and a man at the end of it, largely because he is in a hell of a funk throughout. All-American and no hero. No hero, and for that reason sympathetic. Perhaps Hollywood would like to ponder the fact that English audiences are likely to take to this simpleton far more than to all the other "great guys" put together.

FURTHER, I take it that the screen today is under an obligation to improve relations between the good fellows of America and our own good fellows. And it seems to me that our synopsis is not quite the way to do it.

The film itself does better. It shows that Hollywood is beginning to have an inkling that just as there were great men before Agamemnon, so there are brave men outside the U.S. Marines. *Guadalcanal Diary* lays stress on the fact that the modest fellows who emerge from the Solomon Islands at the end have lost all the bounce and braggadocio with which they set foot on the islands in the beginning. That being so, it is all the more pity that the synopsis should be at such pains to betray the essential meaning of this very fine picture. For in my view it is a very fine picture indeed. Preston Foster, Lloyd Nolan and Anthony Quinn are featured, but not so that you would notice them. Which is another way of saying that the film is run away with by Richard Jaeckel who plays the scared boy, and William Bendix who gives a superb performance as a taxi-driver who has got mixed up in something he neither understands nor likes. Bendix

has been the stand-by of a great many films, and in this one at last comes into his own.

BROADLY speaking, I am against films about animals. One Joseph Mayer wrote about the painter George Stubbs: "Stubbs is good because his animals have the expression which belongs to their kind and no other. He refused to illustrate a human feeling, and never showed an immortal soul in a poodle's eye." No, reader, I am not going to start a debate about whether or not dogs have souls. All I know is that to the non-doggomane Fido and his kind are an unconscionable nuisance. Say that you are invited to a dinner party and that you prime yourself beforehand with suitable stories—the telling of which is the reason for being invited. Well, you are in the

middle of your best yarn when your hostess utters a scream and urges everyone to look at Fido who is sitting up begging. "Marvellous, marvellous!" says someone. Then you go on with your story (As I was saying . . .) when again the fiendish woman interrupts: "Oh, do excuse me, Mr. Agate, but I'm sure Fido isn't well. Hawkins, take Fido out of the room and find out what's the matter. Do go on, Mr. Agate." But by this time everyone has ceased to take the slightest interest in the story, so I bury my nose in my plate and hold my peace. I am not sure that dogs are not an even greater nuisance than children. But one thing is common to both: the little brats should be confined to their nurseries and the little beasts to their kennels.

How comes it then that I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of *Lassie Come Home* (Empire)? I cannot imagine that in an entirely sober state I could take the smallest interest in the adventures of a collie—notoriously, in spite of its good looks, a treacherous animal. I therefore postulate three things—the fact that the Press-view took place immediately after lunch, the proximity of the M-G-M private theatre to the Ivy Restaurant, and the potent welcome offered by that genial host Mervyn Macpherson. At least I can find no fourth reason to account for the fact that I spent the afternoon in a state of maudlin sensibility.

THE story, which takes place in the slump period between the two wars, tells how Lassie is accustomed to meet fourteen-year-old Roddy McDowall every afternoon as he comes from school. How she must be sold because the dole is not sufficient to keep a dog as well as a family. She is taken up to a ducal castle in Scotland, and the rest of the film relates her many adventures on her way back to Roddy. There is some brilliant playing by a cast which includes Donald Crisp, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty and Elsa Lanchester. The picture is in Technicolor, and I take leave to say that anybody who hasn't seen Nigel Bruce in Technicolor ain't seen nuthin'. Odd, by the way, that Hollywood can never get its English pictures quite right. Surely there must be somebody among their countless advisers to tell our magnates that an English sporting peer would as soon wear a bowler hat with full evening dress as put a horse with a long tail into a gig. But then American notions about sartorial fitness for the male are odd in the extreme. I remember attending the ball given in New York to celebrate the Coronation of the present King, and noting to my surprise how quite a number of men arrived wearing opera hats and Burberrys! In any case, let me tell Hollywood as one who is not a sporting peer but a driver and exhibitor of harness-horses for nearly forty years that I have never seen a gig in this country drawn by anything other than a hackney, that all the hackneys have short tails, and that the only long-tailed harness-horses are hunter cast-offs harnessed to governess carts driven by paralytic old ladies.

The human actors are brilliantly directed by Fred M. Wilcox. We are not told what genius directed *Lassie*; whoever it is has arranged that she should behave throughout with a mentality entirely canine. When she loses her little friend, Toots, she gives one sniff at the body and trots off with supreme unconcern and no suggestion that she is yearning to sit up and play the harmonium over him. Yes, this is a first-class weepy. All the same I see no reason why Roddy, after two pictures about the agony entailed in doting on horses and dogs, should inflict on us a third about cats. Horses, yes. Dogs, yes. Cats, no.



Richard Tregaskis's "*Guadalcanal Diary*" is at the Tivoli

"*Guadalcanal Diary*" is reviewed on this page. Directed by Lewis Seiler from the book by Richard Tregaskis, it has an all-man cast and is a pictorial record of the desperate fighting in the campaign against the Japs' stronghold at Guadalcanal and Tulagi which gave the U.S. Marines their first major victory of the war. (Above: William Bendix and Richard Jaeckel.)

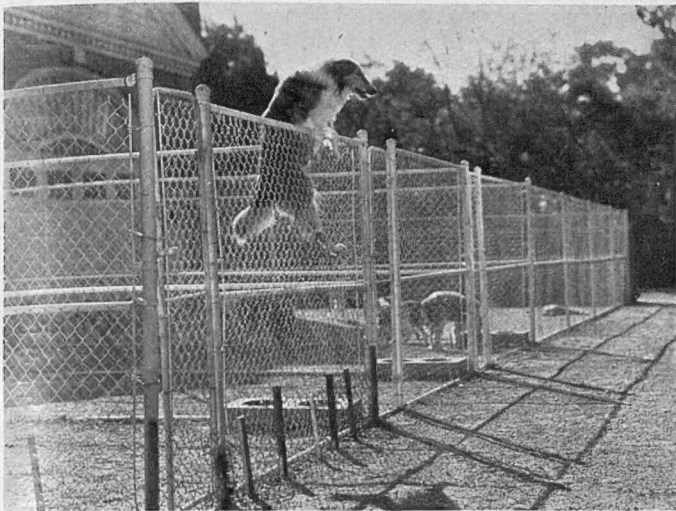
redoubtable sergeant whose men swear by him as often as they swear at him; "Taxi," the cab driver from Brooklyn wishing he was picking up fares; "Soose," who is proud of the Red Indian blood in his veins, and the Jap blood on his bayonet; Captain Davis, a Marine and a philosopher; and "Tex," the fellow with a glad eye for the girls and a deadly eye for snipers.

Here is the thrill of the unconquerable courage that marks America's glory in action, the brilliant hard-won fight that gave the Sons of Heaven their first bitter taste of defeat.

Let us take the first ten words: "Here is the first great human picture of the war." This is demonstrable nonsense. *Bataan*, *The Thirteen*, *In Which We Serve*, *We Dive at Dawn*, *Squadron Leader X*, *Desert Victory*—these and a dozen others have as much, and perhaps more, right to be called a great human picture of

"Lassie Come Home"

Roddy McDowall Co-stars With
Lassie in the Story of a Dog



Lassie Escapes from the Duke of Rudling's Kennels



She Begins Her Long Journey Southwards

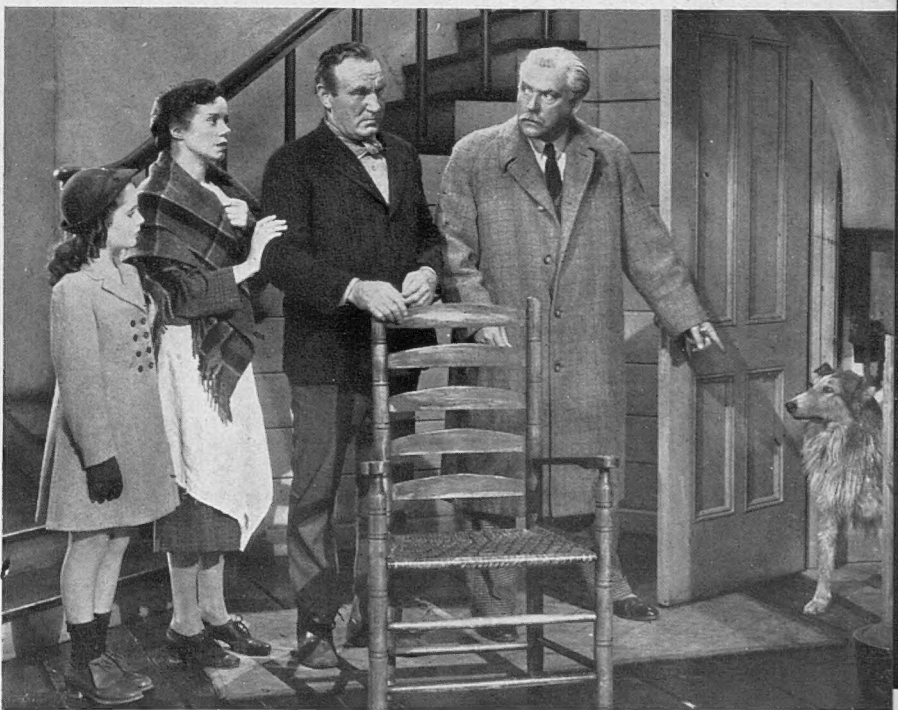


Nearing exhaustion, Lassie battles her way through every obstacle in her path. She nearly dies, but her desire to reach Joe is so great that she wins through, arriving at the Carraclough home more dead than alive



The Boy and His Dog (Roddy McDowall and Lassie)

Lassie Come Home, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and now showing at the Empire, is the story of a dog's devotion to her young master. Lassie is the companion of young Joe Carraclough. Circumstances force Joe's parents to sell her to a wealthy fancier, but Lassie decides that she will not be separated from the boy Joe. Her adventures escaping from her new master, her long, arduous trail from Scotland down south to her old friend, and her final reunion with Joe make up the story



Home at last, Lassie, now but a skeleton of her former self, is denied by the Duke of Rudling as being the bitch he bought. She is safe at last in the home she loves (Elizabeth Taylor, Elsa Lanchester, Donald Crisp, Nigel Bruce and Lassie)

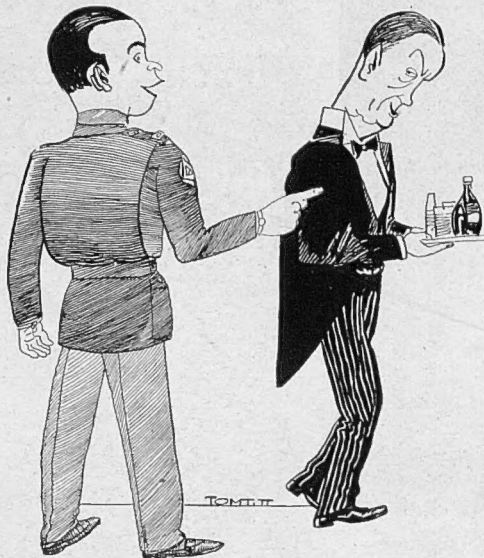
The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

While The Sun Shines (Globe)

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN (author of *French Without Tears* and *Flare Path*) is expert at antic haymaking. For him the sun seems always to shine; and his latest crop is a welcome addition to a theatre bill dominated by obstinate successes. It is a wartime frolic, light in substance, topical in key, and agreeably funny. The tale it tells, though a caution, is unadorned by a moral. It refreshes farcical ingredients with Service humours, relaxes parade discipline, cocks a snoop or two at Higher Authority, and does not stipple the portraits of its seven well-drawn characters.

These range in social status from a Scottish duke, whose manners are as easy as his morals, to an engaging little trollop whose catholicity in friendship does not tarnish a heart of gold. They are nicely assorted chatter-boxes, who

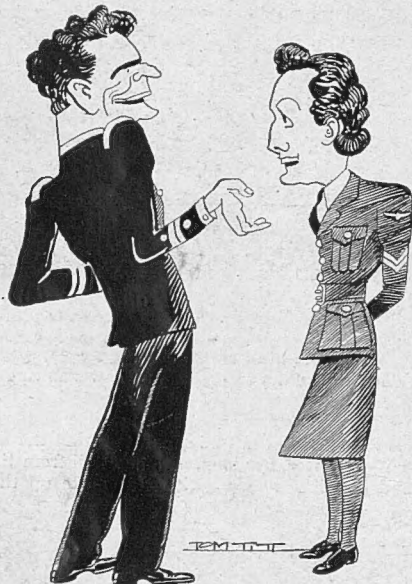


The American Army lieutenant learns from his lordship's manservant that he has spent the night in the Earl of Harpenden's bed (Hugh McDermott, Douglas Jefferies)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Left: Lady Elizabeth Randall is impressed by the French naval lieutenant's talk of the white-hot passion of real love (Jane Baxter, Eugene Deckers)

Right: The Duke of Ayr and Stirling approaches his son-in-law-to-be on the question of the marriage settlement (Ronald Squire, Michael Wilding)



take their idiom from life, learned their deportment in theatre schools, and speak their minds with intelligent, laughable freedom.

The hero, Ordinary Seaman the Earl of Harpenden, is happily engaged to the duke's daughter, and has wangled another spot of leave in order to marry her. We meet him at his chambers in the Albany, where discipline is relaxed, and civil luxury temporarily relieves lower-deck rigours; and though no ordinary O.S., the Lords of the Admiralty justly doubt if he would make a good officer.

Lady Elizabeth, who looks in to see him on the day before their marriage, is an uncommonly nice girl; as nice, in fact, as Miss Jane Baxter. She is also a non-commissioned officer in the Waafs, and although recently reduced in rank from sergeant to corporal, is still a dear. While devoted to her fiancé, whom she has known all her life, she has a hitherto latent vulnerability to passionate men, which this prenuptial visit to London is to test severely.

THE means devised by the dramatist to ruffle the too-smooth course of her engagement is a kind of converse of the Judgment of Paris, with the principal roles reversed. That is to say the three competitive goddesses are



The duke meets an old girl friend, Mabel Crum, in the Earl of Harpenden's chambers (Brenda Bruce, Ronald Squire)

played by the earl, an American gunner, and a Free French sailor, with Elizabeth herself in the role of Paris, and her heart as the apple of discord which she is forced to award to one of them. Thus the lute of prospective wedded bliss is rifted, and Cupid and Hymen inconveniently fall out on the very eve of the wedding; so inconveniently that the duke's personal expectations from the generous marriage settlement are in jeopardy.

The cause of the hullabaloo is the exigencies of war, which, like other less cosmic circumstances, not only send the best laid schemes apley, but bring together strange bedfellows. By acting the good Samaritan to the American gunner in a too-convivial emergency, and extending hospitality to the French seaman, not only is our hero over-quixotic, and his sleeping accommodation strained, but these two cuckoos in the Albany nest most ungratefully make what can only be described as passionate passes at Elizabeth when she calls there in his absence. And since she is both unsophisticated and susceptible, her bewildered husband-to-be finds himself a mere runner-up in an inter-allied race for the love of his own fiancée. For she, taking the American husky seriously, and swept, so to speak, off her affianced feet by his whirlwind wooing is off with the old love and on with the new before the unaccustomed whisky, that is one of the weapons in the softening tactics of his attack, has lost its potency.

Where, then, does the warm-hearted little trollop come in? This unorthodox little friend-of-all-the-world was no stranger to the Albany, and if she hadn't her own latchkey, had every prescriptive right to it. But being a nice, if histrionically naughty, girl, she does not abuse old friendship. On the contrary, she vindicates it, and not only helps to clear up the romantic ruins, but succeeds in engineering a happy ending, and does so in a charmingly convincing performance by Miss Brenda Bruce. So all's well that ends well.

THIS comic storm in an Albany teacup is deftly directed by Mr. Anthony Asquith, and pleasantly played by an excellent company. As the graceless duke, Mr. Ronald Squire is all that the Left Wing deplors and the Right appreciatively chuckles at. His is a delightful performance. The three musketeers are amusingly substantiated by Messrs. Anthony Wilding, Hugh McDermott and Eugene Deckers; and Miss Baxter's Elizabeth (as I have already hinted) is a dear. The comedy may not be an epoch-maker, but its wit, graceful defiance of dull decorum, and happy characterisation (so characteristic of its author) make it a specific against blackout blues.



The soul of Joe Pendleton (Bobby Howes), returns to earth to occupy the body of Farnsworth, recently murdered by his wife (Betty Stockfield) and her lover (Leslie Perrins)—to the consternation of the guilty pair

“Half-way to Heaven”

A Bobby Howes—Sydney Howard Partnership

● *Half-way to Heaven* was recently presented by Mr. Firth Shephard at the Princes Theatre. It is a new play by Harry Segall, telling of the adventures of a soul snatched from its human covering fifty years too soon by an over-zealous messenger of heaven; of the quest for a new body that the soul may complete its allotted span on earth; of the failure of the first “occupation” and the success of the second—all a little incomprehensible, perhaps, but you must see the play for yourself



Joe Pendleton, who now acts and looks like Farnsworth, tries to convince his old manager, Sam Parkin (Sydney Howard), that he is none other than the boxer whose death he has mourned. It is only by the intervention of Mr. Jordan (J. H. Roberts), left, chief liaison officer between heaven and earth, that Sam is finally convinced

Photographs by John Vickers



Occupation No. 2 finds Joe in the guise of a boxer. He is in his own element again, and his unsuccessful adventure as Farnsworth is forgotten. (Bobby Howes, Bertram Dench)



Joe's final happiness is assured when Mr. Jordan brings back to him the girl he has met and loved when masquerading as Farnsworth. He starts life again with a ready-made reputation as a boxer and has fifty years of living ahead (Bobby Howes, Lesley Brook, J. H. Roberts)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Sportsman

THE KING is a first-class shot, and one of his favourite forms of outdoor relaxation these days is to spend a few hours with the guns. Not for him the impressive paraphernalia of Victorian sportsmen, the big battues with a score of guns, the impressive posses of keepers and swarms of driven birds, the prodigious bags and the triumphant entries in game books; he prefers to shoot with one or, perhaps, two friends, and is quite content to come home with a comparatively small bag so long as the sport has been good. The Royal preserves at Windsor and at Sandringham are still able to offer plenty of game, in spite of the depletions of four and a half years of war, but it is not here that His Majesty has his best sport. It is on the marshes around Wolferton, near Sandringham, and on certain parts of the water near Windsor, where he finds excellent wild-duck shooting. To shoot duck, you must be up at a fearsome, chilly hour at the crack of dawn; you must endure a good deal of discomfort, and then you may well return with nothing but wet feet to show for your trouble; yet it has an infinite appeal, incomprehensible to all but the true sportsman, for His Majesty. Recently, while on an official visit in Kent, he heard that he would be near a famous haunt of the birds, and he arranged a two-hours wildfowling trip before the day's programme began. So successful was His Majesty on this particular occasion that he brought back over forty brace of duck—no mean feat, as anyone with any experience of the sport will recognise.

W.A.A.F. Honoured

ONE of the most interesting of the many awards to women in the New Year Honours List is that of the D.B.E. to Air Chief Commandant K. J. Trefusis Forbes, the head of the W.A.A.F. The honour is in one sense a tribute to the whole of the women's air service and to the great work they are doing side by side with the R.A.F., but it is also a special mark of recognition for the unsparing energy and ceaseless toil with which Miss Trefusis Forbes has carried out her duties. Her tact,

diplomacy, firmness and skill are well known not only in the service itself, but to Their Majesties, who have frequently heard the Duchess of Gloucester, herself a very active officer in the W.A.A.F., talk of her, and who have personal knowledge of her efficiency from their many visits to R.A.F. stations all over the country, when Her Majesty always makes a point of inspecting the W.A.A.F. quarters,



Mrs. Russell Listens In

The wife of Capt. the Hon. Guy Russell, R.N., commanding H.M.S. Duke of York, listened to the Admiralty communiqués on the sinking of the Scharnhorst at her home in Sussex, with her two sons, James and Oliver



Attaché in Washington

Mrs. Lionel Gibb, now attaché in Washington, is the second British woman to gain diplomatic status. She is a daughter of Sir Harold Snagge, and went to Canada in 1941, after the death of her husband

seeing the girls at work, and talking to them about their conditions of service.

New Title Procedure

WITH such an impressive list of honours this year, it is as well to know the rules of procedure about newly conferred titles, with which, incidentally, remarkably few people seem to be conversant. Although, in practice, no official notice is taken when a title is used in advance, it is interesting to know that in actual fact the use of the prefix "Sir," "Dame," and so on is not correct until the accolade has been bestowed by the King at an investiture.

Royal Children at the Pantomime

IT was a thrilling experience for the eight-year-old Duke of Kent—still known in the family circle as Prince Edward, because he regards the other title as belonging to his father—and his sister, Princess Alexandra, to be taken to see *Humpty Dumpty* at the Coliseum.



New Year's Eve; Round the London Restaurants

Celebrating at the Bagatelle were Mr. David Lloyd Thomas, Irish Guards, Miss Patricia Macauley, Capt. Lord Vaughan, Welsh Guards, and his wife. Miss Macauley is Lady Vaughan's sister, and was bridesmaid at her wedding in December



Dining at the Meurice were Major Robert Grant, U.S. Army, Mrs. G. M. Saville, Air/Cdre. Patrick Huskinson and Lt.-Col. Desmond Macmanus. Air/Cdre. Huskinson, who was awarded the C.B.E. in 1942, was blinded in a London air raid

Swaebe



Two Recent Engagements

Miss Patricia Helen Brind, only child of Rear-Admiral E. J. P. Brind, is to marry Capt. Charles John Hanson, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, only son of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson, of Fowey Hall, Cornwall

Miss Susan Meyrick, only daughter of Sir George and Lady Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Christchurch, is engaged to Mr. Peter Green, The Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Capt. Cecil Green and Mrs. F. A. Gill

Lenare

It was their first experience of real pantomime, and following so soon after their own personal appearances in *Aladdin* at Windsor Castle, it was a great adventure. They were taken by their mother and attended by Capt. the Lord Herbert, Comptroller to H.R.H., and Lady Herbert, her Lady-in-Waiting, and their two children.

Yorkshire News

THE birth of a son and heir to Lady Sykes has caused a great deal of pleasure in Yorkshire, where her husband, Sir Richard Sykes, is a large landowner and a prominent personality in sporting circles as the owner of the famous Sledmere stud. Lady Sykes's baby was born in London, at 19, Bentinck Street, where, according to latest report, both mother and child are doing well. The small boy is a fortunate young man, for his mother is something of an expert in child welfare. In the early days of the war, Lady Sykes, who was then Miss

Virginia Gilliat, helped to nurse mothers and their infants at Lavington Park, where Mrs. Euan Wallace ran her Sussex home as a maternity home. When Lavington Park was closed as a maternity home, Virginia Gilliat went up to Himley Hall, to nurse at a hospital near Lord Dudley's home. As a debutante, Virginia Gilliat must have been bridesmaid as much, if not more, than any other girl of her circle. She was universally popular, and wedding ceremonies, as carried out at St. Margaret's, Westminster, must have been at one time the most familiar of functions to her. She married Sir Richard Sykes in the autumn of 1942 at St. James's, Spanish Place, the reception which followed being held in the home of Lady Diana Cooper.

English Riviera

TORQUAY, chief town of England's Riviera, attracts many sun-seekers these days, and the wearers of many different uniforms of the

Allied Nations are seen there enjoying the winter sunshine. Christmas and New Year strollers round and about included S/Ldr. the Marquis of Willingdon with Lady Willingdon (he is stationed near by); also Lord and Lady Headfort with their children, Lord Bective and Lady Olivia Tylour. The yachting world, with whom Torbay has always been justly popular, was represented by Mr. Eugene Higgins, the American helmsman, with Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhof, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wellen and Mr. Frank Riseley. Others about were Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Beckton Rice, W/Cdr. Kempster, Sir Alexander and Lady Maguire and their daughter, Mr. Robert Maingot (the Harley Street specialist) and Mrs. Maingot, Mr. Palache and Lady Gunter. Baron Gunsberg was also there; so were Sir Harry and Lady Price, who were talking one day to Sir Albert and Lady Atkey; F/Lt. and Mrs. Thomas Lilley, who enjoyed a cocktail with Mrs. Drummond Black and Mrs. Bonham-Carter; and Capt. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson and his wife, the former Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, whose convalescence from a long illness was not helped by the news that their London flat had been burgled and all her belongings of value taken. It seems that plenty of able-bodied thieves are able to keep out of the forces.

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Table for Two

Swaebe

Col. D. Mills was entertaining Lady Moyra Forrester to dinner at the Mirabelle on New Year's Eve. She is the Marquess of Ormonde's only daughter, and her husband is a prisoner of war



Some of Those Who Saw the New Year in at the Mirabelle

Swaebe

In this party were Major Willis Kay Clarke, U.S.A.A.F., Mrs. Guy Gibson, Mrs. Hettie Nicholas, W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., Miss Rene Bull and Lt. Ken Johnson, U.S.A.A.F. W/Cdr. Gibson won his V.C. for leading the attack on the Mohn Dam in May

A long table held this party, at which were Miss Joan Cadell, Lt. R. A. Storm, S/O. E. Russell-Davis, Lt. H. Bancroft, Lt. F. Johnson, Miss Madge Woosnam, Lt. Van Norton, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, Lt. George Prowse and Miss Frankie Whitten

"Give a Good Book"

This is the Slogan of the Red Cross and St. John Book Campaign



Mrs. Stephen Kunzer drives a van, collecting books from outlying country districts. Two of her young voluntary helpers are her daughter, Carolyn, and Jane Shirley, daughter of the campaign's founder

Right: The Hon. Andrew Shirley examines books awaiting valuation, with Miss Cynthia Minoprio. She has worked for the Red Cross throughout the war, and is now saleswoman in the bookshop



Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the well-known conductor, made a welcome donation of his signed copy of Noel Coward's "Play Parade," which he handed to Miss Noel Streatfield, the novelist



Miss Noel Streatfield, seen with the Hon. Andrew Shirley, founder of the Book Campaign, in his office, has given 400 of her own books, and spends a lot of time speaking for the Book Campaign



Lady Tweedsmuir, whose husband, the late Lord Tweedsmuir, was the well-known author John Buchan, has given many valuable books, including autographed copies of her own and her husband's. She is seen at her desk at her home near Oxford



Miss Irene Browne, the actress, and Mr. Ralph Strauss, critic and author, were visitors to the shop before Christmas, and Miss Galbraith helped them choose. The Princess Royal was another visitor, and bought 80 books to give to hospitals

As a response to desperate appeals from hospital libraries, Services and welfare organisations for more readable books, the Red Cross and St. John Book Campaign was started by the Hon. Andrew Shirley, manager of the Times Book Club. The scheme, allied to the War Organisation of the Hospital Library, has proved an immense success, over 130,000 books, ranging from rare editions of the classics to out-of-print thrillers, have been sent to the London headquarters at 40, Wigmore Street. Pictures on these pages show some of the people who have given books and work for this excellent campaign



Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak President, and Mme. Benes gave a valuable gift of books and £50 to the fund. The Book Campaign specialises in books in the languages of our Allies



Lady Burnham, Red Cross President for Bucks, is largely responsible for the record effort made by the county. She and her husband, Major-Gen. Lord Burnham, gave 250 books, which were collected by Girl Guides and Brownies

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE result of the world banana-shortage seems to be that Josephine Baker—at present, according to an enraptured special correspondent, an ENSA star entertaining the French Army—is tripping round the Middle East in “a very smart dark-blue uniform with gold buttons, and a dark-blue side-cap on her ebony hair.”

Each time we saw La Baker before the war she wore nothing but a medial fringe or valance of bananas, wiggled her bronze south-west façade continuously as she sang, and went round Paris in her spare time with a pet panther. Bananas were, in fact, that girl's working clothes. She must feel naked without them, and you'd think ENSA could have done something about it. From Drury Lane, ENSA's H.Q., to the premises of Elder and Fyffe, Britain's leading banana-importers, in Bow Street is only five minutes' walk. You'll instantly pipe up and say Elder and Fyffe would probably see ENSA in hell before lending them that bunch of bananas from the underground strong-room. However, there's a precedent. When the Comédie-Française boys and girls went on that hilarious South American tour with Anatole France in the 1900's the French Government lent them a hatful of historic trinkets—rings, watches, necklaces, sword-hilts, finely jewelled—from the glass cases in the Louvre and the Carnavalet and other national treasures; precious relics of the Monarchy, lent for propaganda purposes. Their place in the glass cases was taken by bogus stuff, and the popeyed citizenry were none the wiser.

The same could be done with bananas,

given a little public spirit, and you can quote us, as with flashing eyes.

Erotica

A NEW issue of Nazi stamps bearing Himmler's evil pedagogic pan has arrived in Switzerland, which indicates something or other, no doubt.

At the G.P.O. they look on the Continental habit of making regular special issues of stamps commemorating national heroes (even poets and artists) as un-English, we gather. The G.P.O. secretes adrenalin in large quantities, and when its puritan repressions do get the upper hand the result is naturally something painful, like those Valentine greeting-telegrams a few years ago, which seemed to us as shamelessly erotic as a Renaissance minor poet of the type of Johannes Secundus. Fortunately, the Race didn't know what all those love-birds and twining kisses and true-love knots and romantic fal-lals signified, and a coloured view of Bradford Town Hall would have interested it far more. We proved this by showing a specimen to a County cricketer during the mating-season, when, creaking wooden cries are heard at Lord's and the female of the species responds by tapping rhythmically on the railings with her sensible footwear. The great noble horse-face was a complete and frigid blank.

“What's it mean?”

“It's a call to love from the G.P.O.”

“Pretty disgustin'. . . . Oh, nice cut, sir!”

“It's actually a sort of encouragement to perpetuate the Island species.”

“What for?”



That stumped us, naturally, and the only answer we could think of was a weak mumble of “So that the G.P.O. can sell a few more stamps.” Not that that solves it.

Gift

BOSWELL's Life of Johnson, last year's Royal Christmas gift to British prisoners-of-war libraries, is a faultless choice, as our old fellow-Johnsonian James (“Boss”) Agate will agree, raising that infamous bowler hat to the Great Cham's memory.

This golden and delicious masterpiece—the book, not the hat—has only one fault. It makes you yearn unavailingly for Johnson's Life of Boswell, which ought to have been among the big boy's major works. As things are, the most illuminating glimpses of the supercilious Boswell come from J. T. (“Nollekens”) Smith, who said he always had a dirty neck, matching his ruffles, and an unsuccessful actor named Thomas Holcroft, who gives a charming picture in his memoirs of the Boswellian Method. Johnson had written a kindly letter to Reynolds for a struggling artist named Lowe. Boswell, who had hitherto been elaborately unaware, drunk or sober, of Lowe's existence, dogged him from the house and, after a thousand fulsome smiles and compliments, begged Lowe to step into Peele's coffee-house in Fleet Street and let him take a copy.

I was overcome [said Lowe to Holcroft] by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and proud as he was half an hour before, and I was ever afterwards unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee.

You bet he did. Twopence was twopence to Mr. Boswell; and that

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“Two twos are four, splendid—now if you can spell ‘cat’ the job is yours”

Pictures from Here and There



Lady Melchett and Some Nurses Off Duty

Lady Melchett has turned her home, Colworth House, Bedfordshire, into a home of rest and recuperation for hospital nurses, of which she is the Commandant. Lady Melchett, who comes from South Africa, was married in 1920, and has two sons and a daughter. Lord Melchett, Deputy Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, was formerly M.P. for the Isle of Ely and for Liverpool



Lady Jersey Entertains Polish Boys for Christmas

The Countess of Jersey had a young party for Christmas and the New Year at her home, The Old Palace, Richmond. The two young men in uniform were M. Janek and D. Dolek, two Polish R.A.F. apprentices, who have undergone severe hardships before arriving in Britain. The other members of the party were Lord Jersey's nephew, John Child-Villiers, and his daughter, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers



An Engaged Couple on Leave in Northamptonshire

Lt. Christopher Baldwin Wake-Walker, R.N., and his fiancée, Lady Anne Spencer, were spending their leave together at Althorp House, home of her parents, Earl and Countess Spencer. Lt. Wake-Walker comes of a family with great naval traditions. His father is Vice-Admiral Sir Frederic Wake-Walker, Third Sea Lord. Lady Anne met her fiancé while serving in the W.R.N.S., in which she was commissioned last April



The Wife and Family of the Sheffield's Commander

Mrs. Addis, photographed at home with her children, is the wife of Capt. Charles T. Addis, R.N., commander of H.M.S. Sheffield, the cruiser which shadowed the German battleship Scharnhorst before her sinking on December 26th. Capt. Addis was awarded the D.S.O. for great gallantry, determination and skill throughout the action. Mrs. Addis is the daughter of another sailor, Rear-Admiral Allan Poland, Superintendent of Alexandria Harbour, recently awarded the C.B.E. for his part in planning the landings in Sicily

Standing By ...

(Continued)

is how a lot of the Greatest English Biography was written, no doubt. Yet when we start on our long-projected Life of Agate we shall have to spend most of the £5 we get from the publishers on buying that damnable hat for the nation to begin with, we guess.

Cry

JUST as Wheatley's "Cries of London" in the original set are fetching high prices in the auction-room, the last of the old Mitcham lavender-growers has died at the age of 91. The last chant of the Mitcham lavender-seller in London streets died away long since.

Most London cries were artless enough, barring the performance of a famous Early Victorian small-coal man who spanned a perfect bass octave, and the cry of the velvet-capped cork seller which was like an oratorio:

(Recit.) Corks for cholic-water,
Cut 'em shorter,
Corks for gin,
Very thin,
Corks for rum,
Big as my thumb.
(Sung) They're all handy, handy, handy,
Corks for wine and corks for brandy.

None of the London cries, an authority tells us, was based on plain-song modes, like some of the old French and Italian street-cries—for example, the cry of Neapolitan ice-sellers, which is, or was, solemn and liturgical as a gradual. The Machine Age doesn't mix music with trade, or we'd probably find the City to-day like a nest of little songbirds. E.g., in Capel Court:

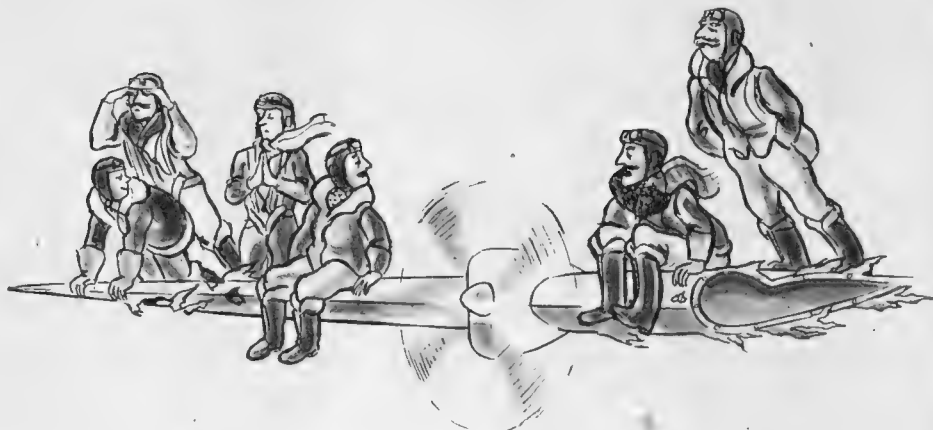
Tick, tock, dickery dock,
Try my nice fresh-watered stock,
Buy 'Bungo "A,"
Hooray, hooray.

There'd be a shareholders' cry too, perhaps. Shareholders wouldn't actually sing, but they'd whistle divinely.

Phobia

BECAUSE Hitler, according to neutrals recently in Germany, now insists on being alone for an hour every day, the Fleet Street boys made quite a morbid fuss about it. A curious demonstration of the herd-instinct, we thought.

Ourselves, we'd say Hitler's determination was a dangerous indication of returning sanity. When La Garbo went loping away from Hollywood parties like a hunted deer in the old days we gave her full marks. It spoke well for that baby's conscience. Far from the lights and the jazzbands and the crowds and their foolish noise, we guess La Garbo was serene as an English medieval anchoress (who incidentally was always allowed a cat). The Fleet Street boys' wellknown terror of being alone is pathetic but not inexplicable, since they are haunted by devils, like the High Pyrenees, or like that



eric hobbs

"The C.O.'s going to take a pretty pallid view of this
'coming in on a wing and a prayer' stuff"

chap in the Arabian Nights who was visited every night by the black hag.

You get the same Arabian Nightish terror in Mayfair, but it has a more solid foundation. For example, a Guardee marries a beautiful girl who just picks at her food, and when he finds her stealing out one midnight he steals after her and finds she is a ghoul, maybe. After that he needs

a lot of company. Have you ever married a ghoul? No? What? Eh? Sorry, our mistake. We were thinking of that gay little sister of yours with the two heads.

Tap

BEANING citizens on dark nights up quiet West End streets with the homely weapon called the cosh—the instrument publishers use on "awkward" booksy critics—is becoming a favourite winter sport, according to an M.P. Half-lead, half-rubber, the cosh is simple, cheap, practical, and silent. One tap is generally enough, or two for a regular *New Statesman* reader. The citizen thus tapped dreams he is sinking to beddybys on a swans-down pillow amid rosy lights, with the fairies singing lullaby and Wendy Darling hovering to kiss his brow. It may be argued that since the life of the average British citizen is notoriously joyless, the cosh is of benefit. Coleridge and de Quincey took to dope to get much the same dream-effect, after all, and their hangovers were infinitely worse than the headache left by the cosh.

Footnote

DOING a bit of research in your behalf, dogsbody that we are, we find the expert use of the cosh dates back, romantically enough, at least to Punch—not him of the refined bowsing-ken in Bouverie Street but him of the vulgar kerb show—and Punch himself derives, in a degraded form, from Pulcinella of the Commedia dell'Arte, a pretty glorious ancestry. Punch was the first skilled cosher to show the Race how to beat its wife up properly, and the first steam-engine was invented some time later by George Stephenson, incidentally, enabling the Race to get a breath of bracing Brighton air between operations.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My wife got the rabbit—it's the first we've had
from our butcher for two and a half years"



Fred Daniels

This Year's Peter Pan: Miss Glynis Johns

Miss Glynis Johns is the daughter of actor Mervyn Johns and musician Alice Steele. She is one of the most outstanding young actresses on the British stage and screen to-day. Brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, for apart from her father's association with the stage, her mother is the fourth generation of one of the most famous theatrical families of Australia and South Africa, Glynis made her first appearance at the age of twelve in *Buckie's Bears*. She made an immediate impression and was engaged to appear in *Children's Hour* at the Gate and later, with Lady Tree in *The Melody That Got Lost* at the Embassy. More important parts both on stage and screen followed. She appeared in *South Riding*, *Quiet Wedding*, *The Prime Minister*, *49th Parallel* and many other productions with increasing success. Now as Peter in Jack Hylton's presentation of James M. Barrie's famous play at the Cambridge Theatre, twenty-year-old Miss Johns is adding fresh laurels to her already distinguished career.

"While the Sun Shines"

Terence Rattigan's Modern Comedy
at the Globe Theatre



1. Wiseman: "Isn't it customary in the British Navy for a rating to stand up when an officer passes him?"

U.S. Army Lieut. Wiseman (Hugh McDermott) finds himself, after a night out, in the chambers of the Earl of Harpenden (Michael Wilding). He recovers his self-confidence when he learns that the Earl is just an Ordinary Seaman. Kneeling is the manservant Horton (Douglas Jefferies)



7. Mabel: "All right. Don't tell me. I know. Back to the kitchen"

Mabel, spending the night in Bobby Harpenden's flat, interrupts a family discussion as to why Lady Elizabeth is now refusing to marry the Earl of Harpenden



2. The Duke of Ayr: "Hullo... give me the hall porter... Pub... a crown each way on Bernadotte in the 3.30... Lord Harpenden's future father-in-law is the Duke of Ayr and his (Ronald Squire). A gambler, the Duke cannot resist the temptation of a winner even when seriously jeopardising Bobby's future in the law by detaining him. The Duke's daughter is played by Jane Baxter

● A Rattigan play is fast becoming a good reason in itself for going to theatre and, in this comedy-cum-farce, which is Mr. Rattigan's latest contribution to the contemporary stage, playgoers will not be disappointed. The scheme of the plot is cunningly concealed amidst situations amusingly conceived and vigorously dispelled, so much so that the plot itself becomes of secondary importance and you will find yourself straining for lines all too often lost in the raucous and prolonged laughter of the audience. The play is produced by H. M. C. and Linnit and Dunfee, and is directed by Anthony Asquith in a Gower Palace production

Photographs by John Vickers



8. Wiseman: "Après vous, monsieur"
Colbert: "Vive la France"

Beds are scarce in Bobby's flat, but since he has promised to accommodate Wiseman, and Elizabeth has promised the Frenchman a bed, there is nothing for it but for the three of them to bed down together



3. Wiseman: "Strictly between ourselves—I got a soft spot too—for babies who look like you"
Lieut. Wiseman confuses Bobby Harpenden's fiancée with the girl-friend he has been promised from the Air Ministry



5. Harpenden: "Hullo, Mabel"
Mabel: "Hullo, darling"
Lord Harpenden, turned down by the Admiralty once more, finds ex-girl-friend Mabel (Brenda Bruce) on the knee of the American



4. The Duke: "God bless my soul! What an astonishing thing!"
The Duke of Ayr finds his daughter intoxicated on the sofa after her adventure with the American



6. The Duke: "You know, I haven't played craps for years"
The Duke joins Bobby, Lieutenant Wiseman and the Free French Naval Lieutenant Colbert (Eugene Deckers), picked up by Lady Elizabeth in the train, in a game of craps



9. Mabel: "Bobby, how much do you love Elizabeth?"
Harpenden: "Very much"
Mabel Crum takes her part in the shattered romance by forcing Lord Harpenden to admit his love for Elizabeth. Mabel herself has wisely turned down his offer of marriage made at 4 o'clock in the morning



10. Wiseman: "Hey, wait a minute. He wants to know who you're marrying, and so do we"
His romance mended, Bobby dresses in a hurry for his wedding. His friends, knowing of his early-morning proposal to Mabel, are delighted to find the bride really is Elizabeth



Air Marshal Sir Richard Hallam Peck, K.C.B., O.B.E.

Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck, Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (General) since February 1940, was born in Lancashire, and was educated at St. Paul's School and Brasenose College, Oxford. He started flying in 1915, when he transferred from the East Surrey Regiment to the R.F.C., being awarded the O.B.E. in 1919. Granted a permanent commission in the R.A.F. after the war, as a Squadron Leader, he was posted to Iraq, where he again saw active service, and after attending the Staff College at Camberley went to the Air Ministry in 1927. Five years later he commanded No. 3 Flying Training School, returning to the Air Ministry in 1933, where he became Deputy Director of Operations and Intelligence. While in India for three years as Senior Air Staff Officer, he was acting A.O.C. India during the summers of 1937 and 1938. Appointed Director of Operations in March 1939, at the outbreak of war he became Director-General of Operations, and held that post till the time of his present appointment

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Optimistic?

OUR friend "Augur," whose notes in *The Sporting Life* I always make a point of reading, because I think he knows what he is talking about, throws out a hint that the Grand National may be run at Aintree this year, and he goes even further, and suggests a likely winner, Mr. J. V. Rank's good horse, Prince Regent. "Augur" says that the Liverpool executive are only waiting for the "All Clear." So are lots of other people, but even the most flaming optimist does not expect it as early as March. It cannot possibly be "All Clear" by then, for there is far too much to be cleared up. The wind has not been punched out of the Hun yet, and it is going to take much more than two months to do it. It would be the height of folly to bank upon a quick knock-out. It has got to come that way, of course, because no decision on points will be of any more use than a sick headache. Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that the Powers As Be feel that they could give the N.H. Committee a quiet hint that the ban on jumping would be lifted in time to permit of the Grand National being reinstated this year, it would have to be done at once if owners, trainers and jockeys were to be given any sort of chance of gathering up the broken threads. The course, I am sure, could be got ready quite quickly, but how about the horses and the men to ride them? Almost all the former have been turned out; practically all the latter are busy battle-fighting in various places. There has been no jump racing for a season and a half, and there is only one way to get a steeplechase horse right, namely, by galloping him over fences. That is the only way to put his jumping muscles into shape, for galloping him on the flat is not the same thing. Personally, I would go even farther than this, and say that a jumper should never get any fast work, excepting short pipe-openers,



Making a War Film

Capt. Clark Gable, U.S.A.A.F., aided by Capt. John Lee Mahin (left), was working on a film they have made of the air war over Europe, which will be shown as a training film

anywhere but over fences. I can testify that it has been found to answer. The animal knows instinctively that when he is loosed he has got to mind his eye and look out for the obstructions! I am certain that it cannot be too frequently impressed upon the jumping horse that his job is to jump, and that it must become so much second nature with him that

he could almost do it blindfold. If there had been any hunting of the only kind which is of any use to a 'chaser since this war started, it might have made things easier for the trainer, but there has not been. Ratting operations are of no use at all. A cripple with two sticks may get some kind of fun out of it!

Prince Regent

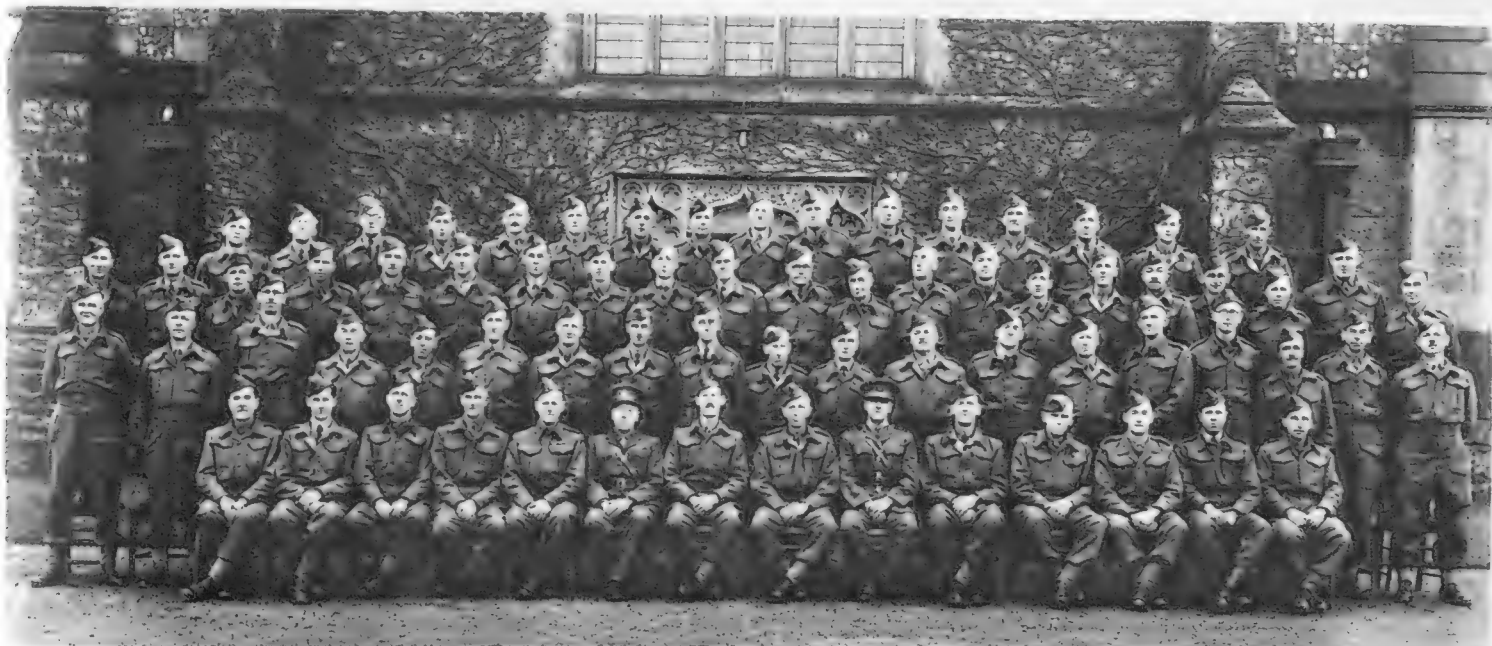
IF there were a National at Aintree this year, I am sure that "Augur" would be giving his friends good advice when he said "Prince Regent"! I would add any other good 'chaser from Ireland in preference to anything that may be found in this country, for, where jump racing is concerned, the war has made no difference at all to the land over which Mr. De Valera presides. Whether, unless he were

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Lord Swinton at Sierra Leone

Viscount Swinton (right), Resident Minister in West Africa, paid a visit to the Royal Naval Air Station at Sierra Leone. With him are Vice-Admiral H. B. Rawlings and Cdr. O. Folley, C.O. a Fleet Air Arm Store Station



Officers of a Kent Home Guard Battalion

J. L. Allwork

Front Row: Capt. H. H. M. Spink, Major L. H. Davies, Major W. G. Stewart, Capt. W. R. Nottidge, Major M. D. Vint (Bn. M.O.), Capt. F. C. Hibberd (The Rifle Brigade—Adj.), Col. E. K. B. Peck, M.C. (C.O.), Major E. R. Wood, Capt. A. E. Miller (Hampshire Regt.—Q.M.), Major L. S. Townsend, M.M., Major A. Latham, D.S.O., Major S. N. Friend, Capt. H. Veall, Lt. K. H. Baker. Second row: Lt. C. T. Allen, Lt. R. S. Children, Lt. G. H. S. Ward, 2nd Lt. L. A. D'A. D'Engelbronner, Lt. R. H. Phillips, Capt. G. Whitehead, Capt. C. H. Waterhouse, Capt. G. H. Horn, Capt. H. Wilsdon, Capt. H. Livesey, Capt. G. Alderman, Capt. T. H. Gage, Lt. B. W. Poile, Lt. H. T. Taylor, Lt. W. J. Cowan, 2nd Lt. G. J. Boyden, Lt. N. L. Heathorn, Lt. H. O. Foord, Lt. W. C. C. Harding. Third row: Lt. R. G. F. Duntun, Lt. J. H. Brooker, M.C., 2nd Lt. H. F. Berdinner, 2nd Lt. F. J. Bridges, Lt. J. F. White, Lt. A. T. Bishop, 2nd Lt. J. K. Haynes, 2nd Lt. B. S. Bryant, 2nd Lt. D. M. Rabilly, Lt. J. R. Young, 2nd Lt. O. D. Rasmussen, 2nd Lt. C. J. Cavaliero, 2nd Lt. E. E. Weekes, 2nd Lt. W. Thompson, Lt. J. W. Shanshan, 2nd Lt. L. F. Hitchcock, Lt. J. F. W. Lucas, Lt. D. A. F. Warner, 2nd Lt. E. S. W. Plummer, Lt. W. J. Felton, 2nd Lt. S. C. D'Arcy. Back row: Lt. L. Johnson, Lt. N. A. Nicholls, 2nd Lt. H. H. Mills, Lt. R. L. Amas, 2nd Lt. T. K. Blackmore, Lt. H. B. Sercombe, 2nd Lt. H. Annison, Lt. L. V. Foster, Lt. W. J. Moore, 2nd Lt. A. J. Gurr, 2nd Lt. J. N. McNeill, Lt. C. H. Harverson, Lt. E. J. Aplin, Lt. S. J. Dougan, Lt. H. F. Solman, Lt. W. G. Honey

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

given an easy at once, I should pick Prince Regent to win over Aintree this year is another matter. I thought that the reason why he succumbed to Golden Jack in last year's Irish Grand National was that he had been over-marked. In the I.G.N. on April 26th, 1943, Prince Regent had 12 st. 7 lb., and he was giving Golden Jack 2 st. 5 lb. That is to say, the latter was meeting him on 22 lb. better terms than when Prince Regent won in 1942. I thought last year that Prince Regent left the National behind him in the big chase at Leopardstown on March 20th, when Heirdom beat him a head, getting 42 lb. It was magnificent, but it was not war. In December of this season Prince Regent has been beaten twice, once at Naas, December 4th, when Glengormley (9 st. 7 lb.) and Ruby Loch (9 st. 7 lb.) finished in front of him, his



Pearl Freeman New Year's Honours Award

Mr. Robert Barclay Pearson, Chairman of the London Stock Exchange since 1936, received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours List. He comes from Kincardineshire, and is a Member of the King's Body Guard for Scotland

weight having been 12 st. 7 lb. (4½ lengths between the winner and the third), and once at Leopardstown, when H.M.S. Sturgeon (9 st. 7 lb.) beat him 10 lengths. Prince Regent started at 9 to 4 on, the winner at 20 to 1 against. What conclusion, not having seen either race, ought one to draw from this? The going, I read, was heavy on both occasions. A horse is not a machine. This is why I say that, if our Grand National were run at Aintree this year and Prince Regent were saddled for it, I should think twice about picking him, unless he had been given a bit of a breather. His first defeat in December last year was on the 4th, his second on the 27th—not much space! On the 27th at Leopardstown, Prince Blackthorn (10 st. 3 lb.) ran third, finishing 3 lengths behind the gallant Prince Regent.

The Last National

It seems so long ago, and so much has happened that it is almost forgotten. Actually, it was on April 5th, 1940, that Lord Stalbridge won with Bogskar, trained by himself, ridden by M. A. Jones, weight 10 st. 4 lb., price 25 to 1, Mac Moffatt (10 st. 10 lb.) second, and Gold Arrow (10 st. 3 lb.) third; won easily, and very well ridden, by 4 lengths, six between second and third. I wonder how many of that 1940 field would be available if the ban were lifted at once and a 1944 Grand National were announced. Mighty few! Bogskar is now only eleven years, so is not in his dotage; Kilstar is still to the fore in Ireland and is thirteen years, but with no chance so long as Prince Regent is alive. Mac Moffatt is also a possible where age is concerned, but how he is, or whether he is, I do not know, for the jumping world, having disappeared into the mists for two seasons, how can anything be certain? Only one thing is, namely, that not one of this 1940 field can be racing fit, and by 1945 the old brigade may have vanished and we shall have to find a new lot to oppose the inevitable Irish invasion with battle-fit "troops," who have been able to carry on in peace, whilst the British Empire and its Allies have been fire-fighting against all the worst things that ever came out of the Nethermost Hell.

Wrongly Accused

Bogskar's owner, Lord Stalbridge, has other claims to fame in the world of sport than that of having owned and trained a winner of the Grand National, for he is a very renowned ex-M.F.H., first of the South and West Wilts., which he thought the best scenting country in the British Isles, and later of the Fernie,

which I am sure he was right in considering the stiffest of all to ride over. Lord Stalbridge was a Master with a keen sense of humour—a thing which is not always noticeable where M.F.H.s are concerned—but then he was originally in "The Chamber Maids" (14 H.), and this may account for it in some measure. Anyone who has ever seen "The Emperor," a silver loving-cup, will comprehend. Once, when the Master had the South and West Wilts., a stranger came up after they had had a regular elbows-and-legs buster, and said: "A good hunt, Huntsman! Here's a drink for you." Lord Stalbridge, who always looked the part, took the tip after respectfully touching his cap, and then, on the way home, took it out of his pocket thinking it was a sovereign. It was a shilling! Another time he had an adventure with one of the farmers. He got a post card which read: "Your lordship's bloody foxes 'as took my old sow. Please pay compensation." Next morning the M.F.H. got another post card which said: "'Tis all right, it warn't bloody fox, sow were in neighbour's yard."



The Royal Marines' Fencing Team

The R.M. Fencing team have recently defeated the Czech Army team by 14 to 13 and Cambridge University by 17 to 10. Sitting: F. Toller, R. J. Brooks (Captain). Standing: N. A. Crow, J. K. Field, A. A. Raven



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge University Fencing Team

Cambridge have beaten the Combined Services, and lost to the Imperial College, London, and to the Royal Marines. Sitting: C. D. M. Grose-Hodge, J. F. Michael. Standing: H. G. Winter, R. Heap, C. F. Brunner



Rugby Internationals

Lt. H. J. C. Rees, South Wales Borderers, pre-war stand-off half for Oxford, now plays for the Army and Wales. Capt. Vivian G. Jenkins, R.A., is another Oxford Blue and International player



D. R. Stuart

Two R.N. Rugby Players

Photographed on the field before going into action were Lt. W. Nash, who is Captain of the Royal Naval Engineering College Rugby XV. and Lt. J. E. T. Middleditch, R.N.

On Active Service

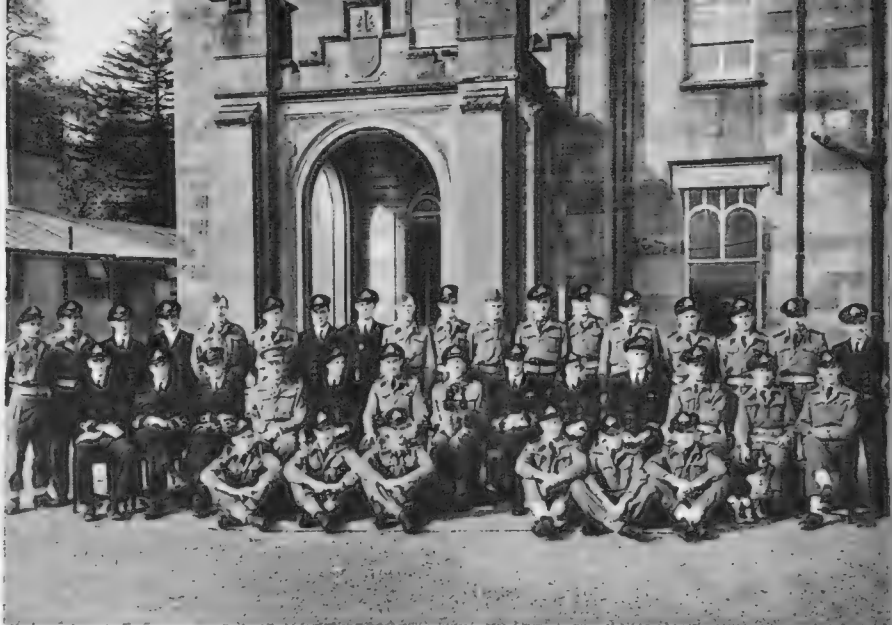


D. R. Stuart

Officers at a U.S. Army Air Force Station

Capt. Clyde G. Gillespie, Major Nathan L. Roberts, Capt. William M. Cornell, Capt. John C. Bishop, Col. Stanley T. Wray, Major Haley W. Aycock, Lt.-Col. Robert P. Hare, Major Paul L. Bishop, Capt. Otto W. Cahill

Right:
Front row: Lt. R. J. N. Pellow, Capt. D. A. Beckett, Majors F. J. Ketteley, M.C., H. C. Gregory, M.C., I. W. A. Chappell, M.C. the Commanding Officer, Capt. J. Watt, D.S.O., M.C., Major F. I. H. H. Thompson, Capt. J. E. Beazley, P. L. H. Maytham, the Rev. H. B. Evans. Middle row: Lis. R. A. Ulph, R. E. King, I. W. Thulborn, G. R. Summers, Capt. S. F. Davies, D. J. V. Fisher, M. S. Mallinson, Lts. D. J. Beech, M.C., P. M. F. Coghlan, Capt. C. J. Kenrick, Lt. P. M. F. Warne, Lt. S. A. Coker. Back row: Lt. C. C. Petts, 2nd Lt. K. R. Canler, Lts. (Q.M.) S. G. Mason, T. R. Stead, A. E. Beese, J. A. Curtaigne, A. D. Tennyson, J. S. Horsington, A. R. Lee, A. W. Barnett



Officers at a Combined Operations Training School

On the ground: Midshipmen P. D. Alderton, T. George, N. Gibson, G. D. Hill, J. Ensoll, F. G. Casey. Sitting: Pay-Lt. M. K. Hamilton, Surg.-Lt. G. D. Bonner, Lt. (E.) E. A. Tomalin, Major D. C. Slemeck, 3rd/O. G. M. Kelham, Lt.-Cdr. I. C. D. Godwin, D.S.C., Cdr. E. A. Davis, Lt. J. W. Barrie, 3rd/O. E. M. Stokes, Lt. J. Murray, Lt.-Cdr. D. MacArthur, Lts. R. Wake, F. C. Whorral. Standing: Sub-Lts. S. M. Wilson, D. H. Grainger, D. F. Caston, R. W. Stephens, Lts. Stewart, H. Rodnell, Sub-Lt. H. S. R. Rogers, Lt. R. E. Manns, Capt. J. Abram, Sub-Lt. J. W. Page, Lt. Cranston, Sub-Lt. L. J. Crickmar, Midshipman H. R. Robb, Sub-Lts. L. Priestley, S. E. Willis, K. J. Neal, F. W. Habgood, Lt. R. M. Cramond



Officers of a Battalion of the Essex Regiment



D. R. Stuart

Officers of the Senior Year at a R.E. College

Front row: Sub-Lts. (E.) R. K. Hows, F. J. Hackney, R. M. Cunningham, Lts. (E.) J. G. W. Bingham, (E.) T. J. Keohane, (E.) R. S. Andrew, (E.) R. N. Devlin, Sub-Lt. (E.) Churchill, Sub-Lt. (E.) J. A. Darley. Middle row: Sub-Lts. (E.) J. H. F. Hall, G. M. W. Morgan, J. A. Shearing, R. G. Boddie, B. E. Hall, T. A. Greenwell, D. L. Bayley, R. L. Lane, D. P. N. Carroll. Back row: Sub-Lts. (E.) A. G. M. Scott, F. R. Arkinstall, G. J. G. Tawse, M. G. W. Norman, G. J. Fairley, J. W. Schulz, A. L. McClement, A. F. Longard



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an S.H.Q. (Fighter) Somewhere in England

Front row: S/Ldrs. W. L. Sharman, Rev. J. Burton, S/Cdr. E. H. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C., W/Cdr. A. H. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Major G. A. B. Jenyns, S/Ldr. E. R. Brown, F/Lt. J. V. Gascoyne, D.F.C. Middle row: F/Lt. L. J. Evans, S/O. E. E. Ross, S/O. S. Wiles, Fl/Off. L. M. Brigstocke, S/Os. J. Birch, N. G. Jelley, F/Lt. F. W. Burchell. Back row: F/O. W. F. Dossor, F/Lt. D. T. Cooper, S/Ldr. F. A. Allcott, F/Lts. W. W. Thompson, L. R. Hawkins, F/O. H. N. Wain-Heapy

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Imagination and War

WITHIN the last four years more has happened than the imagination can contain. I mean by "imagination" nothing boundless or abstract, but that faculty that exists, in greater or less degree, in each individual human being. It is indeed, I suppose, in this very faculty that our distinctive *humanity* resides: it is by our power of envisaging things, of calling up to our vision or keeping present what is not at the moment actually there, that we are made conscious of our identities. We may dismiss the man or woman with whom we feel out of contact as "unimaginative" but in fact I believe the totally unimaginative man or woman to be very rare—outside the sub-normal class. One cannot, however, deny that, from person to person, imagination varies in power as well as range; for some it plays its recognised part in living—indeed, living would hardly be living without it—by others it is outlawed and seldom named.

In normal, or so-called normal, times, one's imagination exceeds what actually happens: one can amuse oneself by finding a wider meaning for some apparently quite prosaic event by building up, from some chance observation, a drama for one's own inner theatre. Children, whose lives are equally ordered by the grown-ups, or grown-ups who, whether from chance or choice, lead uneventful existences, are, in the main, the most "imaginative"—they supply what they find lacking in colour, danger and movement in this way. But even the active, out-in-the-world adult is accustomed, more often than he knows, to add to the bulk of his general experience something particular to himself.

These days it is different. How often do we exclaim: "There is no time to think, no time to feel! Really, one cannot take in all that is happening!" And is one disconcerted by hearing some truthful voice reply: "Perhaps that is just as well"?

Perhaps it is just as well. After all, we have got to live, to see this through; therefore we dare not let ourselves be weakened as imaginative suffering might weaken us. Our battenning down of hatches is instinctive. When we say we "cannot imagine" we mean, also, that even if we *could* do so we might refuse to try. For the ordinary man and woman in extraordinary times, the refusal not only is possible, it seems to work well. But for the creative artist, who by temperament, habit and training not only lives, but works through imagination, the refusal is impossible, and would not work at all.

So, from time to time we have been given, throughout these last four years, works of art that are great because they attempt the impossible. Painting and literature, in order to rescue the ordinary man from the apathy that threatens him, stand up and look world war straight in the face, forcing themselves to assimilate what

we refuse. Artists at least attempt to visualise what is happening—not to cities and armies, but to the human spirit. The artist, like the religious person, can bear to see what others dare not look at, because he has a courage founded on faith. He sees the immortal element running through mortal fate.

In *Splendours and Miseries* (Faber and Faber; 18s.), Sacheverell Sitwell has translated from facts into images the experiences of these last four years of war. These unexpected images—gathered from painting, from myths, from the distances of the memory, from music, from travel, from the statement of the lunatic or the outpourings of the lover—penetrate us as facts, because of their dreadful familiarity, no longer can. As in dreams, they have more power than the waking reality, because they are reality brought close up.

Pattern

"SPLENDOURS AND MISERIES" is a majestic and daunting book. To read it is to see war reflected, not in a mirror, but in the glass over an old, great, dark picture. The changing reflection, still unresolved into a picture of any kind, is superimposed on the unchanging picture behind the glass: what is transient blends with what is already there, and is, somehow, blended into its pattern. To-day, after all, is not disjointed from yesterday: all that is happening has its prototype in the past, and has been already foreseen in the sublime vision of the prophet or artist, the horrific vision of the demonic lover or the mad. All through time, there have been those who knew more than was good for



Sir Newman and Lady Flower were married not long ago. She was Miss Bridget Downes, of Co. Clare. Sir Newman is the well-known publisher and director of Cassell and Co., and is himself an author. His books include those on George Frederic Handel and Franz Schubert, and the *Life and Letters of Sir Arthur Sullivan* (in co-operation with Herbert Sullivan). He was editor of the *Journals of Arnold Bennett*

them—and Mr. Sitwell leads us to these "Illuminati."

We live but once [he says] and our lives are what we make them. There has never, in that sense, been any golden age, for the opportunity is always there. Six years is long enough in which to prepare for total war. Even in happier times ugliness and misery have always been. If we consider what to ourselves must seem a golden age, it is to admit that the idealism and sense of poetry of the painters concealed its sordid truth. Mantegna, Gianbellini, Carpaccio, no more than Botticelli, or Benozzo Gozzoli, sought out the leper, or took the likeness of the dying.

Now, in this long dark night of the spirit, that must end one day, we turn in memory to the dawn light upon the hills. . . .

And again:

We are seeking for someone in a world of shades, and our way is barred by phantoms. It is not necessary to be a follower of any faith or religion in order to believe this. We have passed through among the damned, in their different sorts. The poisoner and the poisoned, and have seen the burning pyre. The reality of the phantom has been proved, in the sense that the dreaded figure has come to life, and moves. The thing most feared has happened.

. . . Dumb humanity waits for its interpreter. While the dead world waits to be woken to life again. The love and beauty that we have lost must be restored to us.

Who is this "someone" we seek, whom we must go down to hell itself to reclaim? In each man's case, his own soul. Without that, and breathing the air

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NEW YEAR resolutions! Do we ever grow out of making

them, in spite of experience which informs us that they are made but to be broken? Nevertheless, while they last, what a tonic they can be. True, they usually become more difficult to sustain the less time there is in life to accomplish the more long-planned ones, but two World Wars in one lifetime are, perhaps, inclined to make us seize passing pleasures before they pass and let good resolves merely take a chance. Being good, they always demand a self-sacrifice and, metaphorically speaking, you have to do such a lot of that kind of thing in life, whether you wish to or not, that it seems a pity to go without something nice on the assumption that if you go without often enough you'll not wish for it any more! Occasionally, indeed, there is something to be said for the cure through satiety. At any rate, it leaves no wishful dreams behind it. Merely a mild nausea—which can often provide our present rectitude with its most impenetrable armour.

Nevertheless, to make a good resolution does prove where we are most vulnerable. Without New Year's Day we might not make any at all. Just as, without Christmas, some of us wouldn't remember we still have relations or would ever receive a token of another's regard from one year's end to another. Worse still; they might remember our birthdays instead. And that, as the years relentlessly

By Richard King

increase, adds about as much to the gaiety of the occasion as the elderly

relative who, in the midst of Christmas jollity, ruminates on once-familiar faces at the festive board and, looking around, wonders who will be the next to go. At which everybody over forty looks at everybody over fifty as if for the last time while the over-sixties desperately repress a hacking cough. For the rest of the evening Christmas cheer struggles manfully to survive that solemn reminder. Only the instigator of this mournful thought continues to enjoy the festivity. He—for usually it is a "he"—considers the Christmas ritual of family reunion all the merrier by reminding those present of vacancies in the family vault.

Which parenthesis has brought me a long way from New Year's good resolutions. Not, however, that it matters very much. You have probably broken most of your own already, and really, I don't know which process is the pleasanter. For if there be one thing more morally health-giving than turning over a new page, it is the secret satisfaction of blotting the clean one. By the blots we know ourselves for what we are. And that is half-way towards becoming better. At least, so far as those kinds of blots are concerned. Thus—and I am typical of most people inspired by New Year resolutions—I sit smoking while I decide to smoke no more. I will begin to-morrow!

Three Portraits

By Olive Snell

Right: The wife of Major the Hon. Sherman Stonor, Oxford and Buckinghamshire L.I., only son of Lord Camoys, is the youngest daughter of the late Major H. Stourton, O.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton. She was married in 1938, and has a son and three daughters. Mrs. Stonor manages their estate at Henley-on-Thames in her husband's absence, and represents Stonor on the Henley Rural District Council. She is also a member of the Oxfordshire Women's Auxiliary Police, and sits on the Henley Guardians Committee



The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor



Mrs. Antony Norman

Married in 1937, Mrs. Norman was formerly Miss Anne Watson-Hughes. Her husband, W/Cdr. Antony Norman, A.A.F., is a son of the late Sir Henry Norman, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Norman, and a nephew of Lord Aberconway. His eldest brother, Sir Nigel Norman, was killed in action last May. Mrs. Norman, whose country home is Wilcote Manor, Charlbury, Oxon, is working in London at the Red Cross Foreign Relations department



Mrs. Keith Newall

Right: Mrs. Newall returned recently from the Middle East, where she was in command of an Ambulance Unit of over fifty vehicles, with seventy girls under her. She left England in October 1940 and served in South Africa with U.D.F. before going to the Middle East. Mrs. Newall is the widow of Cdr. Keith Newall, R.N., and a daughter of Capt. Francis Hungerford-Pollen, R.N.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

Animals' Welfare Party

A STRONG band of enthusiasts from Society, Sport and the Stage is uniting to make a big success of the Animals' Welfare Party which is to take place at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on January 27th. Those who are taking part include the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, president; Lady Kitty Ritson, chairman; Brig.-Gen. Sir George Cockerill, C.B., and Mrs. Beauchamp Tufnell, vice-presidents; Mrs. C. E. Lamrock, the deputy-chairman and honorary organiser; Vic Oliver, Frances Day, Freddie Fox, Gordon Richards, Steve Donoghue and Jimmie Wilde.

The idea of the party is to raise funds for the alleviation of suffering among animals due to war conditions. The benefiting societies are to be the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa, which does such good work for donkeys, mules and other half-starved, injured and overloaded pack animals all along the North African coast; The International League for the Protection of Horses, which is specialising at the present time in looking after the overloaded and under-fed animals in Eire, where the high forage prices are making it most difficult to obtain animal foodstuffs; and Our Dumb Friends League, which in addition to its nation-wide work for animals is caring for and feeding, quite free of charge, hundreds of dogs and cats belonging to Service men and women.

Greek New Year

THE New Year was celebrated at Greek House, in Upper Grosvenor Street, with all the tradition belonging to this gallant and courageous nation. The age-old ceremony of blessing and cutting the cake took place in the early evening, and the service was conducted by His Grace the Archbishop Ceremanos. In the calendar of the Greek Orthodox Church, the feast of Saint Basil falls on New Year's Day, and the cake which is called the Vassi lopitta, is made in peacetime of butter, sugar, flour and eggs, which symbolise the fruits of the earth, and the abundance of Nature.

After singing the Greek and British National Anthems, the cake was cut and pieces distributed with much ceremony amongst all present. Later dinner was served, and followed by dancing until midnight, when the New Year was ushered in; with the customary spate of good wishes.



Yvonne Gregory

Mrs. Lionel Heald

The wife of P/O. Lionel Heald, the well-known K.C., now at the Air Ministry, is County Officer for Surrey for the St. John Ambulance, and also works for the Joint War Organisation for wounded and missing at the Belgrave Square headquarters



At the Premiere of "The Nelson Touch"

Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, Lady Cunningham and Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley saw the first performance of "The Nelson Touch" at the Leicester Square Cinema

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

of a civilisation that has culminated horribly fitly in the present war, we are, Mr. Sitwell believes, lost and dying. "There were times when mankind was not condemned to wars. But we have allowed our soul to die, and now we must search for her among the shades." And who are these "damned" among which, in the course of *Splendours and Miseries*, we have made our journey? Antichrist, three mad women, Fuseli, painter of evil, Madeleine Smith and her death-embracing lover—others, of many races and times. "These are the shadows of our subconscious souls." Alongside our intimidating path to redemption, the modern and ancient terrors merge: we see a Steppe battle in terms of a Breughel scene, the bombed ruins of the sordid modern town in terms of the mediæval Hell. Two figures give a double theme to the book—one is Antichrist, the other Orpheus. I have called *Splendours and Miseries* daunting; it finds out the cracks in one's armour of apathy. The very pictures, with their dreamlike beauty, are frightening—there were some that I could not bear to look at again. . . . Mr. Sitwell rides full-tilt against the idea that we save ourselves by lack of imagination. If we refuse to feel, we shall soon be unable to. In which case, by his showing we shall be totally lost.

Once Upon a Time

THE last imported luxuries are for the mind. A *bonne-bouche* of the first order, Ludwig Bemelmans's *I Love You, I Love You*, reaches us from across the Atlantic, and, published at this side by Messrs. Hamish Hamilton at 7s. 6d., should be received with thanks. I know of no other writing that pleases the mental palate as pungently, swiftly and freshly as does Mr. Bemelmans's. He has a vein of his own. His *Hotel Splendide* (of last year) has been followed up, now, by another collection of sketches, which, in spite of their title, are about almost everything but love. In the first book, as you will remember, New York, with its luxury façades, was the location: this time we find Bemelmans very much on the move. Liners and speedways, a distinctly unusual Ritz-eye view of Paris, Haiti and Quito, each with its cast of crooks, touts, internationals and richly polished ladies, jump to our view from this artfully off-hand pen. Berchtesgaden, with its relentless rainfall, heady Glühwein and vigorous local cult, provides the not least arresting sketch.

These were the good-time days. The lady who murmured "I love you, I love you, I will always love you," and, meanwhile, "leaned her ash-blond head on my framboise-coloured twelve-fifty Saks-Fifth Avenue pyjamas," was the Bemelmans daughter, Barbara, aged four. She adds: "I hope you will take me back to Paris when the trouble is over and when the Normandie is painted new again." War has brought much to a full-stop for this fortunate child, whose manner of getting exactly what she wanted in a number of different parts of the globe has been traced for us by a parent without illusions, who never ceased, all the same, to fall for her fatal charm. Barbara's weeks in Paris, chaperoned by that faithful apache Georges, who nipped into shops and stole whatever his charge desired, had been memorable. In Quito, where her father investigated the flourishing trade in dried human heads, Barbara acquired a dashing coat. Allowed (and how wisely) to make her own mistakes, she lands herself up in a horrible children's camp—"Camp Nomopo," the last but one of the sketches, gives the pith of a tragic-comedy of childhood. The illustrations (unsigned, like those of *Hotel Splendide*, but again presumably from the author's pen) have a demented life-likeness of their own, and sustain, at least to my entire delight, the mood in which *I Love You, I Love You*, *I Love You* is pitched, from its first page to its last.

Tonic

HAVING read W. Buchanan-Taylor's *Shake the Bottle*, you are not likely to resist the invitation of *Shake it Again* (Heath Cranton; 15s.). This second volume of reminiscences bubbles as spontaneously as the last, and the contents are, if anything, still more, and certainly no less, diverting. "My treasures," says Mr. Buchanan-Taylor, at one point "are the pleasant memories of men and places, events and doings"—and in a generous spirit he makes us free of them. He commands both the humour and art of the raconteur, and how varied are the stories he has to tell! We flash from the sands of Blackpool to the sands of Death Valley; we meet stage stars (the further chapter on Harry Tate is a "request" number), hermits, giantesses, boxers, Marathon walkers, performing fleas, lords, inventors, cowboys, Germans, lion-faced boys and Paderewski—an enchanting chapter, this. We assist at the strangling of a rogue elephant, and at the creation of the first and ideal "Nippy," and learn, from the tale of Sandow's courtship, how even the World's Strong Man could be reduced by love. I am not sure that Mr. Buchanan-Taylor's breaking of the Slimming Craze, which involved a storming of the strongholds of Fashion, does not provide the most striking story of all—while one was aware, at the time, of the craze's absurdities, I imagine that some of its repercussions, on trade as well as health, were unknown.

Also attractive, to those who love the footlights, will be the chapters on the theatre, variety and song-hits of the past. In a chapter that deplores the decline of hissing, we get a view of the "wronged-girl" series of melodramas that glamorised the wicked old lights of London for the Provinces. And, before the movies had purloined spectacle-interest, a gentleman on a real horse dived into a real rising tide (enclosed in a glass tank) to rescue the villain's fair victim, chained to a post to drown. . . . The chapter called "Menu" is, these days, almost painful to read.



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NOW

WHEN?

To-morrow takes a bow! Yesterday's self was glamorous—to-day's is serious and hard-working. To-morrow's—with the consciousness of work well done—will shine forth in the beauty and gaiety that is every woman's birthright. Three different selves—yet, in one respect at least, they are very much the same. In times of war as in days of peace, you have remained faithful to the simple, satisfactory beauty regime Miss Arden has laid down. You've kept your freshness and your air of youth. To-morrow's self will be a woman whose smile we are proud to receive.

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Stories from Everywhere

THE lady had been in every department in the large store without buying a thing.

At last one weary assistant could stand it no longer.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but are you shopping here?"

"Of course I am," she snapped. "What do you think I'm doing?"

"Well, madam, I thought you were taking an inventory."

THE commanding officer eyed the conduct sheet before him.

"Ah!" he said, "I see this is the third military policeman you have knocked out!"

"Pardon me, sir," said the culprit politely, "the second. One of them was the same policeman twice."

"CAN you tell me the difference between a Scotsman and a coconut?" asked the life and soul of the party.

There was no answer.

"Well, you can get a drink out of a coconut, but not a——"

"Excuse me," butted in voice in the group, "but happen to be a Scotsman? Would you like a drink?"

"Sure," was the eager answer.

"Then go buy yourself a coconut."

THE gangster walked into the pawnshop and placed a revolver on the counter.

"How much," he grunted "for this gun?"

"Is it a good revolver?" asked the proprietor.

"Sure it's good," growled the lawbreaker. "I bumped off several fellows with it."

"You don't say," mused the pawnbroker. "If that's the case, why do you want to sell it?"

"I just found out," explained the gangster, "that you need a permit to carry a gun."



Swarbrick

Natasha Sokolova is the daughter of that famous member of the Diaghileff company, Lydia Sokolova. Following in her mother's footsteps, Natasha made her first appearance on the London stage as a dancer at the age of fourteen. She recently appeared with Binnie Hale and Douglas Byng in "Flying Colours," and now has her first pantomime part in Jack Hylton's "Cinderella," in which she is appearing as the principal dancer and fairy godmother.

AN NAVAL man insists that this story of Vian of the Cossack is true. Admiral Vian, in command of the destroyer escort, had a minelayer in his charge which laid its "eggs" through an opening in the stern.

Minelayer's skipper was taking his craft round in circles to get exact bearing. Vian watched with interest then ordered a signal.

be run up: "Regret to see that you are eggbound."

A "fowl" insinuation.

AN officer was addressing his squadron on the eve of a bombing raid on Kiska. "Men," he said, "Tomorrow's stunt is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. We are using our oldest planes. There's a hell of a storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us gets back alive. We take off at seven sharp. And if any one of you is thirty seconds late, we don't get to go!"

A VISITOR went to a small village and asked to see the A.R.P. warden. "Now," said the warden, finally, after a long conversation, "is there any else you'd like to see?"

"Yes," came the reply, "the fire chief!"

"I'll not keep you a moment!" replied the warden. "Just wait till I change my hat!"

As the shifty-looking individual prepared to leave the restaurant, another diner accosted him timidly:

"Excuse me, but do you happen to be John Smith of Newcastle?"

"No, I'm not," snapped the shifty fellow aggressively.

"Oh—er—well," replied the other, "you see, I am, and that's his overcoat you are putting on!"

"MY good man," said the missionary to the African chief, "it is wrong to have more than one wife. Tell all your wives except one that they are no longer look upon you as their husband."

After a moment's reflection the chief replied: "You tell them!"

Waste Paper is still needed for munitions of war. Keep it clean and give it to salvage

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



MELODY

There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Things to Come

BIG names have been flying about the world during the past few weeks. Before the announcements were made that Sir Arthur Tedder and Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory were appointed to be Deputy Supreme Commander and Allied Air Commander-in-Chief of the invasion forces, the commentators had made so many guesses that they were nearly all of them right. And they followed the classic practice of forgetting their incorrect guesses, but remembering with prodigious emphasis their correct guesses. In fact it was a fortnight of "as I said in my article of . . ." But Tedder was so clearly indicated for a position of great eminence that the guess in that case had not been difficult. What did surprise me a little was that so few people had stumbled upon Leigh-Mallory.

It had been pretty well known that Fighter Command had been steadily changing its constitution. While the Tactical Air Force had been gaining in strength and scope Fighter Command had been diminishing, yet both of them came under Leigh-Mallory as Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command. It should therefore have been plain to the professional prophets that something was about to happen. What probably put them off the scent was the fact that Sir Arthur Coningham was expected to undertake the responsibility for the tactical part of the air war when the invasion came. He had been Tedder's partner during the time when air doctrine was hammered out in North Africa and he had built up for himself a name equal to Tedder's. It was therefore thought that the partnership would continue in somewhat the same form.

Air Over All

THE inference that must be drawn from the appointment of Tedder is that the air will bear a heavier responsibility for the invasion in the west than it has ever borne before. After all, it is in the west that the German has massed his main air strength and it is going to take some breaking down. But Dieppe showed

that without very marked superiority in the air our landing forces would be gravely endangered. So the job of the air is clear and no risk can be taken of even partial failure there.

One other curious thing strikes me about these nominations and it is the gradual reduction in the degree of secrecy that is preserved about Allied plans. In fact, the structure of the forces which are to invade from the west has been publicly stated and, in addition, some idea has been given of when the invasion must take place. For if the words of General Eisenhower are taken in conjunction with the other events it becomes clear that the opening operations must start early in 1944.

Again, I am reminded of my old worries about how far secrecy really helps. The Allies are now very powerful. I do not see that it would be of much assistance to the enemy if he were told the date on which we proposed to invade and the places. Obviously, a considerable margin would have to be allowed for in both date and places so that the element of doubt would not be removed. Weather might put forward or put back the operations by anything up to three weeks or a month and circumstances might call for a switching from one possible landing point to another. No supreme commander ever goes into battle with a single, rigid plan. He always has his secondary plans. At any rate, as the weeks go by the Allied schemes become clearer and clearer and there would be little chance of maintaining full secrecy even if it were desired.

Saved

PEOPLE sometimes ask what proportion of the aircrews who are shot down when bombing Germany save themselves by parachute. No exact figure can be



Wallace Heaton

Mrs. R. C. Lindsell, a member of the W.A.A.F., is the wife of S/Ldr. Richard Campbell Lindsell, R.C.A.F., who is now serving in India. She was formerly Miss Patricia Murphy, of Mallow, Co. Cork, and was a well-known follower of the Duhallow Hounds

obtained while the war lasts, but there was some slight indication of how high the ratio is in the statement made by the United States War Department toward the end of the year. This referred to the Schweinfurt raid of October 14. After this raid 58 United States airmen were missing and subsequent investigations now show that 346 of them are prisoners of war. That means that about fifty-nine per cent saved themselves. Whether there would be any significant difference in the ratio as between night and day is again a thing that cannot be determined during the war. But my own guess is that the night-flying aircrew may have a slightly better chance of saving themselves than the day-flying aircrews.

Atlantic

THE ten thousandth Atlantic flight since the regular ferry service was started was made on Christmas Eve. What is really wanted, to give an idea of how much development has taken place in the flying of this difficult route, is not the grand total of

flights made or even the overall loss rate, which is less than one-half per cent, but a statement which would relate flights done to the time of year. The real problem of the Atlantic is to maintain regular service throughout the year and not to have too much interruption from the weather. Atlantic weather can still be a formidable obstacle to regular flying and whenever we tend to become satisfied that we have beaten the weather something occurs to remind us that there is still much to be done in that direction. Delays are still frequent, but one would like to know what proportion of all flights made they occupy. The whole Atlantic flying service ought to be charted in the ingenious way which some industrialists have developed for indicating immediately the progress of a contract

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The dreams are his. Their realisation is in some measure our responsibility—all of us. Will he own an M.G.? We must see that it is even faster and safer than before. Will he seek a job in one of the engineering industries? We must give him help and encouragement.



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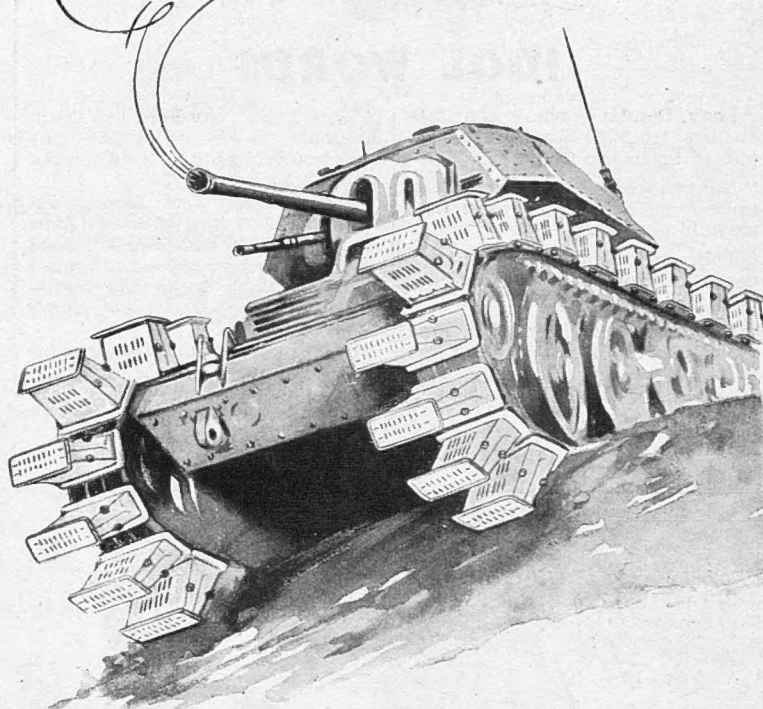
like all good things are worth waiting for, and are certainly a good thing to possess for they are the

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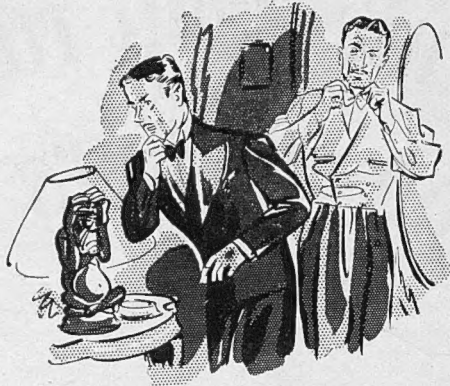
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★ Here is an advertisement published in Capetown.



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"Fred is an Awful Warning. Fred symbolises the Morning After the Night Before. He's the spectre at the cocktail party and the skeleton at the Annual Dinner."

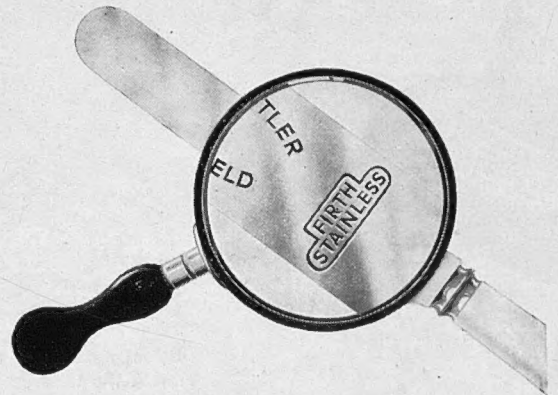
"Well, I can't say Fred has much influence on you. I've never yet seen you behind the door when the jovial beakers flow."

"Time, brother, time. Since I discovered the virtues of Rose's Lime Juice, Fred has had to take a back seat. Hangovers just can't happen when one sticks to Gin and Lime — or knocks back a straight Rose's after the party."

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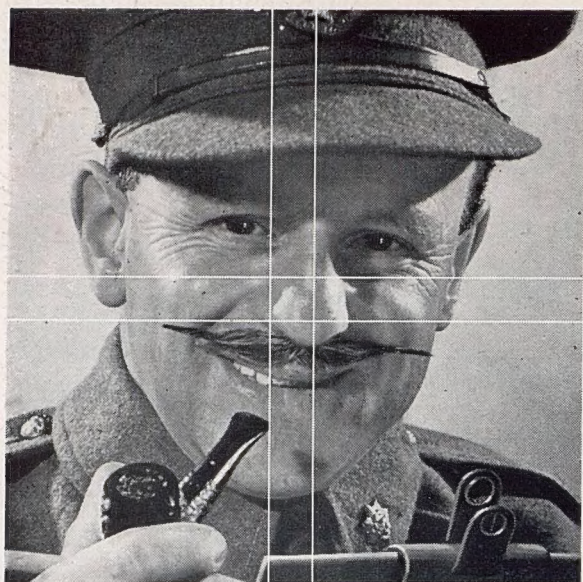



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